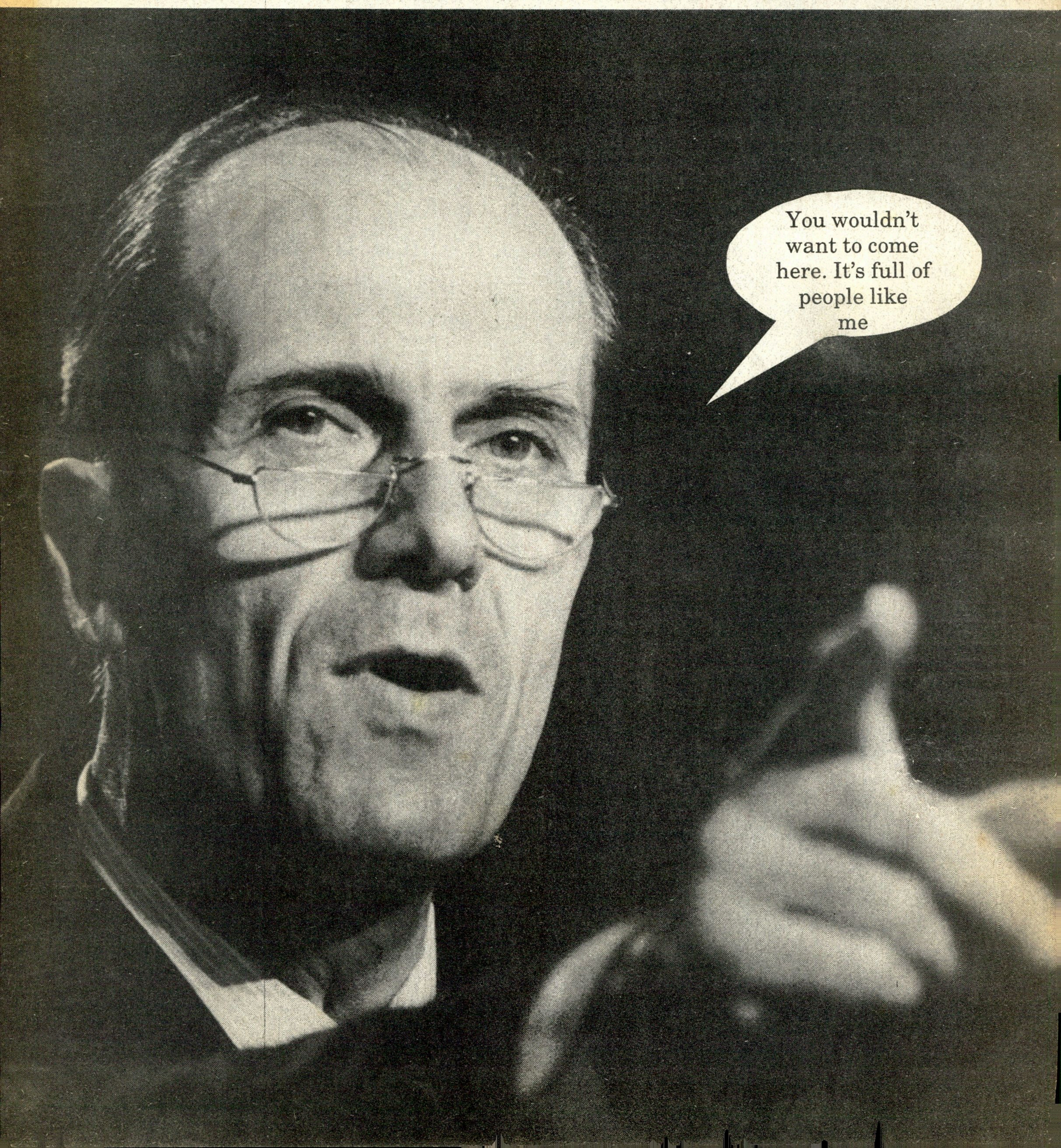
No. 733
Friday
19 Jan. '90

PRIVATE EYE

60p

TEBBIT'S HONG KONG WARNING



SEX FEELS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE USING A CONDOM.

You had sex last night.

It was a wonderful experience.

You didn't bother with the condom. You thought it might ruin the atmosphere.

So how do you feel this morning?

Perhaps a little worried?

Well here's something to think about.

In Britain the number of people with AIDS is still on the increase.

And for every person with AIDS, we estimate there are around thirty with HIV.

Human Immunodeficiency Virus is the virus which leads to AIDS.

Someone can have it for several years and still look and feel perfectly healthy.

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Gnome

IF evidence were still needed that television in this country is entirely run by Trotskyists, then this week's *World In Action* is conclusive proof.

This disgraceful so-called "documentary" showed a number of perfectly respectable Conservative MPs accepting large cheques from multinational corporations, lobbying firms and other wealthy vested interests. The programme then attempted to suggest that this money had in some way subsequently affected the voting patterns of those MPs.

There could be few viler smears on such a high-minded and hard-working group of Parliamentarians by such a shoddy and subversive group of disaffected left wingers.

It is like suggesting that because GnomeSat pays Mr F.T. Backhander (Great Crooke, Con) a large retainer, then this fact in any sense prejudices his views of the Broadcasting Bill.

No, *World In Action*, ITV, and the whole of British television have once again confirmed the overwhelming need for total deregulation and a free reign to be given to balanced, trustworthy satellite stations such as... er... GnomeSat.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
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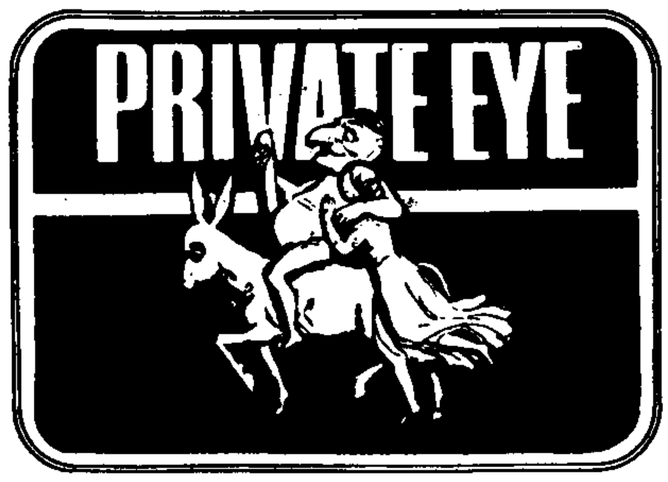


COLOUR SECTION

RUMOURS abound that the case of six Irishmen jailed in 1975 for the Birmingham pub bombings which led to the deaths of 26 people will finally be resolved this year and that the six, like the Guildford Four, will emerge from prison after 15 years, entirely innocent.

The rumours stem from various sources, the most obvious being that the men's convictions were the result of "investigations" by the West Midlands serious crimes squad, which specialised in many illegal activities, especially procuring false confessions.

Chris Mullin, Labour MP for Sunderland, has been pressing a reluctant Home Office for information on the officers who questioned the six before they all made (contradictory) confessions. On 14 December he received an answer to a question about Detective Inspector Paul Matthews who, as a detective constable in the serious crimes squad, had interviewed one of the Birmingham Six, Paddy Hill, and obtained from him a confession to the bombings and the names of two of the other men involved.

Peter Lloyd, under secretary at the Home Office, said Matthews was "required to resign from the Force on 23 September 1986 following formal disciplinary proceedings". The officer had been found guilty of failing to obey lawful orders.

Mullin asked *what* offences and the Home Office reply was that there was, er, no actual offence, but that Matthews had refused to join the uniformed police when ordered to do so and so had been asked to leave. This begs the question as to *why* Inspector Matthews was asked to join the uniformed police? A "transfer" from CID to uniformed police is — especially for a detective inspector — deep humiliation.

The question mark over Mr Matthews looms large over many other officers who were at Queens Road police station when the Birmingham Six were fitted up, and have since got into some sort of trouble.

Det Sgt Brian Morton arrested one of the six, Johnny Walker, and was at Queens Road police station while the confessions were obtained. He took a photograph of Paddy Hill and testified that none of the men had ever been subjected to any violence. He gave evidence in a later trial (when the six men sued prison officers for assault) that all six had been delivered to the station free of any injury.

If that were so, the six were luckier than a West Indian car worker, Junior Patrick Williams, who was arrested nine years later — in 1983 — on suspicion of stealing material from the Leyland Longbridge plant. Williams was taken back to Longbridge police station where he was delivered into the large hands of DS Morton and two other detectives. The three men, in routine West Midlands serious crimes squad fashion, beat the man senseless and brought him out of the interview room covered in blood.

A raw recruit, Adrian Dart, was so shocked he reported the matter. Morton was eventually charged and, thanks to evidence from Dart, jailed for a year (half of it suspended). Dart was ostracised and abused until he left the force.

Superintendent J. Kelly, who as a DS was involved in questioning the six when they were arrested at Morecambe police station in Lancashire (during which Johnny Walker said he was tortured in the most horrific fashion) has since been severely reprimanded for offences to do with the treatment of suspects, which are not yet quite clear.

DS Higgins, who interviewed Hughie Callaghan at Queens Road, and DS Ray Bennett, who interviewed Paddy Hill (according to Hill the interview started with his being grabbed by the hair and dragged around the floor) have both been transferred from CID to uniformed police. DS Michael Hornby, a crucial figure in this case as in the notorious case of the men convicted of the murder of newspaper boy, Carl Bridgewater, has also been transferred.

Hornby has been the subject of the great wave of sickness and depression which seems to have engulfed many members of the now disbanded serious crimes squad. Experts in police procedure predict that many sick and depressed policemen will apply to leave the force due to ill health. If they succeed as so many have in the past, their pensions, naturally, will be secure.

But the solidarity which marked out the attitude of former serious crimes squad officers at Queens Road in those dark days of 1974 seems to be crumbling. Only one former officer dared to come forward at the appeal of the six men to say what really happened to prisoners. The appeal judges said he couldn't have been telling the truth because he was once convicted of stealing £5 from a prisoner (a charge he denied). Otherwise, the officers stayed loyal to the police case that the six were treated well.

Now, other officers are considering making a break. One appears to be behind the secret new evidence recently submitted to the Home Secretary. Granada's *World In Action*, which originally bust open the case, has been studying police archives with some apparently sensational results. These include a special branch report in 1975 naming *other* men as the bombers (*Sunday Correspondent*, 14 January).

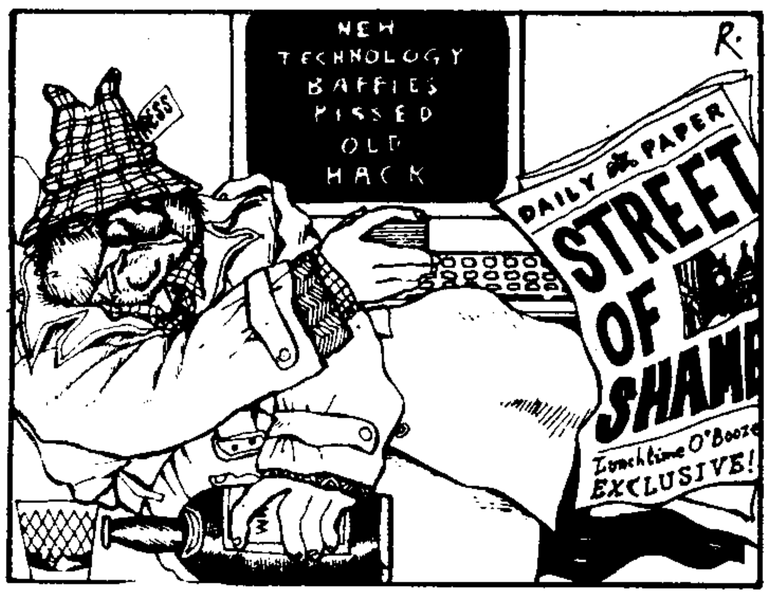
NEXT ISSUE: The judiciary — and why six innocent men may not be released.

THE WHOLE point of the *Eye*'s lengthy coverage of the Gibraltar killings in 1988 was that the incident would lead the SAS to imagine that it had a licence to kill people in the street at will. This has now happened in west Belfast.

It is the same old story: a "stake-out" based on botched intelligence; shooting to kill without any challenge; pumping whole magazines of bullets into dead bodies; and the leaking of suitable "stories" to friendly newspapers.

The chief difference between Gibraltar and the shootings outside the betting shop in west Belfast appears to be that in Gibraltar at least those shot were IRA terrorists, while in west Belfast they were not.

"I hope this doesn't mean flares are coming back"



THE glorious feud between *Telegraph* proprietor Conrad Black and his erstwhile chief executive, Andrew "The Black" Knight, has caused great amusement among hacks everywhere.

The vitriolic profile of Knight which appeared in The *Sunday Telegraph* under the headline "The constant smiler with the knife" and which accused Knight of treason, was not the work of a single pen. In fact, when associate editor Frank Johnson was asked if he had written the piece, he replied that it had been "a gang-bang". The joint and several authors of the profile were Geoffrey Wheatcroft, Frank Johnson, Max "Hitler" Hastings and Peregrine Worsthorne, who once described Knight as "the most beautiful man I've ever seen."

Conrad Black, who owes Knight a debt of gratitude for persuading him to buy the *Telegraph* titles in the first place as well as for overseeing the move to the Isle of Dogs which has enabled the titles to make a profit, is really in no position to cavil at Knight's business ethics. Back in his native Canada. Black was once ordered to return a $38 million surplus that he had appropriated from the pension fund of Dominion Store Limited.

Meanwhile Black has shocked *Telegraph* hacks at a dinner by referring cryptically to "our brethren of a coloured pigmentation". Whatever can this mean?

DAVE ALLEN AWARD (1)

WHEN Richard Stott got his job as new editor of the *Sunday People* he received a simple letter from Wendy Henry.

"I was fired from the *People* because I was a cunt," she wrote. "But you were fired from the *Mirror* because you are a useless cunt."

DAVE ALLEN AWARD (2)

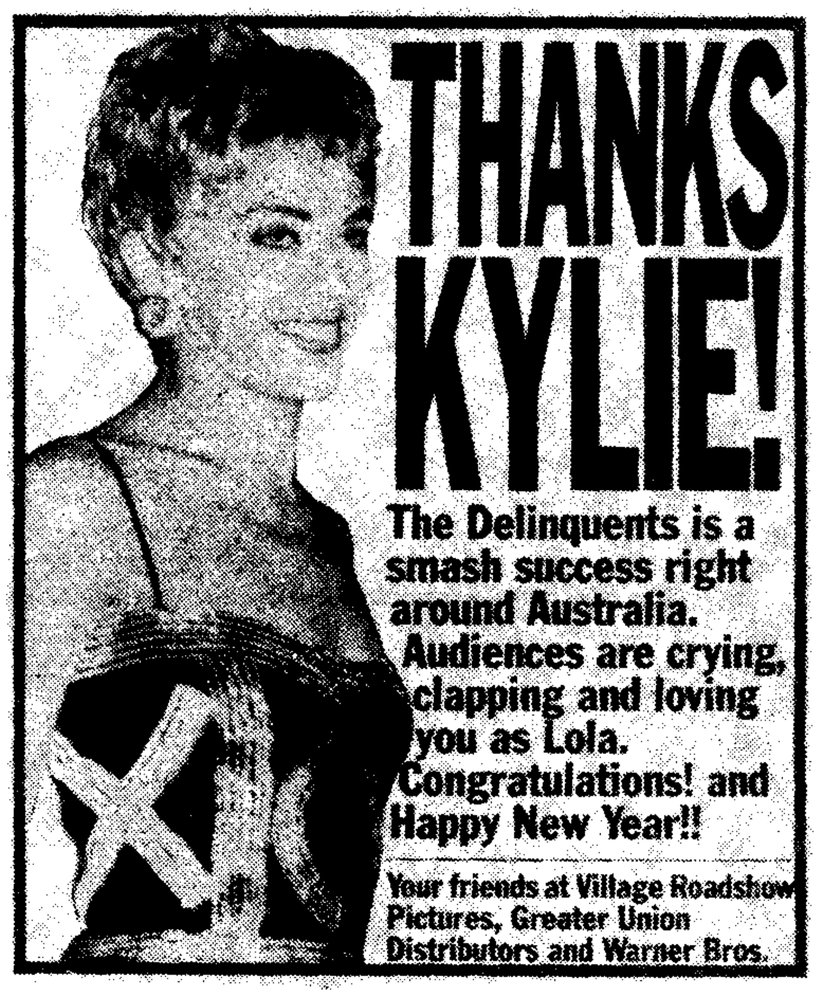
HISTORY was made last week when a *Daily Star* hack was fired for accurate reporting. The unfortunate man was deputy news editor Paul Smith, who startled the news room last Wednesday by loudly abusing his boss, talentless news editor Graham Jones. His message — "You're a cunt, Graham" — was indisputably true, but Smith was nevertheless despatched from the building with only a three-month pay-off to break his fall.

The cause of the dispute was the treatment of the *Star*'s acting northern news editor, Tom Fullerton. Before Christmas, Jones and Smith took Fullerton out to lunch to celebrate his imminent confirmation in the job. What Jones knew but Smith didn't was that in fact Fullerton was about to be ditched in favour of *Star* hack John Mahoney. It was only when Mahoney's appointment was announced last week that Smith realised the depth of his boss's duplicity and furiously uttered the fateful epithet.

Express Newspapers managing editor Peter Beardsley summoned Smith to his office just before sacking him. "I understand you called the news editor a fucking cunt", he said. "No," Smith replied. "Just a cunt."

With his deputy gone, the hated Jones is now desperately trying to raise morale in the newsroom. He gave a pep-talk last Friday, explaining away the unpleasantness as "diversive (sic) elements in the newsroom" who had "spilled over on to the news desk". But it was all over now, he added. "I want this to be a happy ship," he trilled to the sullen hacks. Some hope.

O.B.N.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The Delinquents is a smash success right around Australia. Audiences are crying, clapping and loving you as Lola. Congratulations! and Happy New Year!!
Your friends at Village Roadshow Pictures, Greater Union Distributors and Warner Bros.

The Weekend Australian

Contributor: Andrew Pinm.

£10 paid for similar contributions put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

SIR Jonah Junor has launched himself into his new column for the *Mail on Sunday* with characteristic gusto.

However, a problem has arisen about how the column is to be illustrated. Apparently, the great man will not accept a photograph of his rather florid complexion, and so a number of drawings have been commissioned. However, none of these, the increasingly vain Sir Jonah feels, do justice to the lineaments of his noble visage. Pass the sick-bag, everyone.

DAVE ALLEN AWARD (3)

BBC director-general Michael Checkland recently boasted that journalism at the Beeb was in a healthy state. The evidence for this, he claimed, was that the Beeb had been able to attract such top-class talent as Polly Toynbee and Peter Jaybotham.

As Jaybotham prepares to take up his new post as economics and business correspondent, he would be well advised not to repeat the error of overestimating his importance.

In his early days in the employ of Cap'n Bob he sent round a memo to all Mirror Group editors making various suggestions for the future.

A week or so later, Jaybotham decided to drop in on Richard Stott, editor of the *Daily Mirror*, to find out if he was implementing any of the recommendations in his memo. Stott looked up from his desk and fixed Jay in a stare.

"You know, Peter, I realise that you have this reputation as being one of the cleverest men in Britain," he said, pausing for a moment while Jay began to glow with pride, "...but can you just tell me one thing?... Why on earth didn't you wear a condom when you fucked the nanny?"

Jay retreated and spent the remainder of his time at the Mirror Group organising the car-parking and writing pompous letters for Maxwell.

THE REVIEW section of last Sunday's *Observer* carried a long and flattering article about Jeremy Isaacs, director of the Royal Opera House. On all the issues on which the newspaper might usefully have challenged him — the ballet dancers' dispute, the ROH's grandiose "development" plans, and so on — he was let off without a whisper of criticism. By an extraordinary coincidence, the editor of the *Observer*'s arts pages is Gillian Widdicombe — who in private life happens to be Mrs Jeremy Isaacs.

La Widdicombe is certainly ever-attentive on her husband's behalf. A few weeks ago she exploded with rage at an editorial conference when she discovered that the *Observer* magazine's conservationist series, "Under Threat", was to include an attack on the Royal Opera House's expansion scheme which will wreck a large part of Covent Garden. But that time her tantrum was in vain: the mag's editor, Angela Palmer, boldly printed the piece anyway, a crime for which she has not been forgiven.

AN UNHOLY war has broken out in the normally peaceful backwater of the Dirty Digger's *Times Educational Supplement*. With unfortunate timing, in view of Murdoch's well-advertised conversion to good ol' time religion, the paper last week suspended its vegetarian religious affairs correspondent, Bert Lodge. At a meeting this week he was almost certain to be sacked.

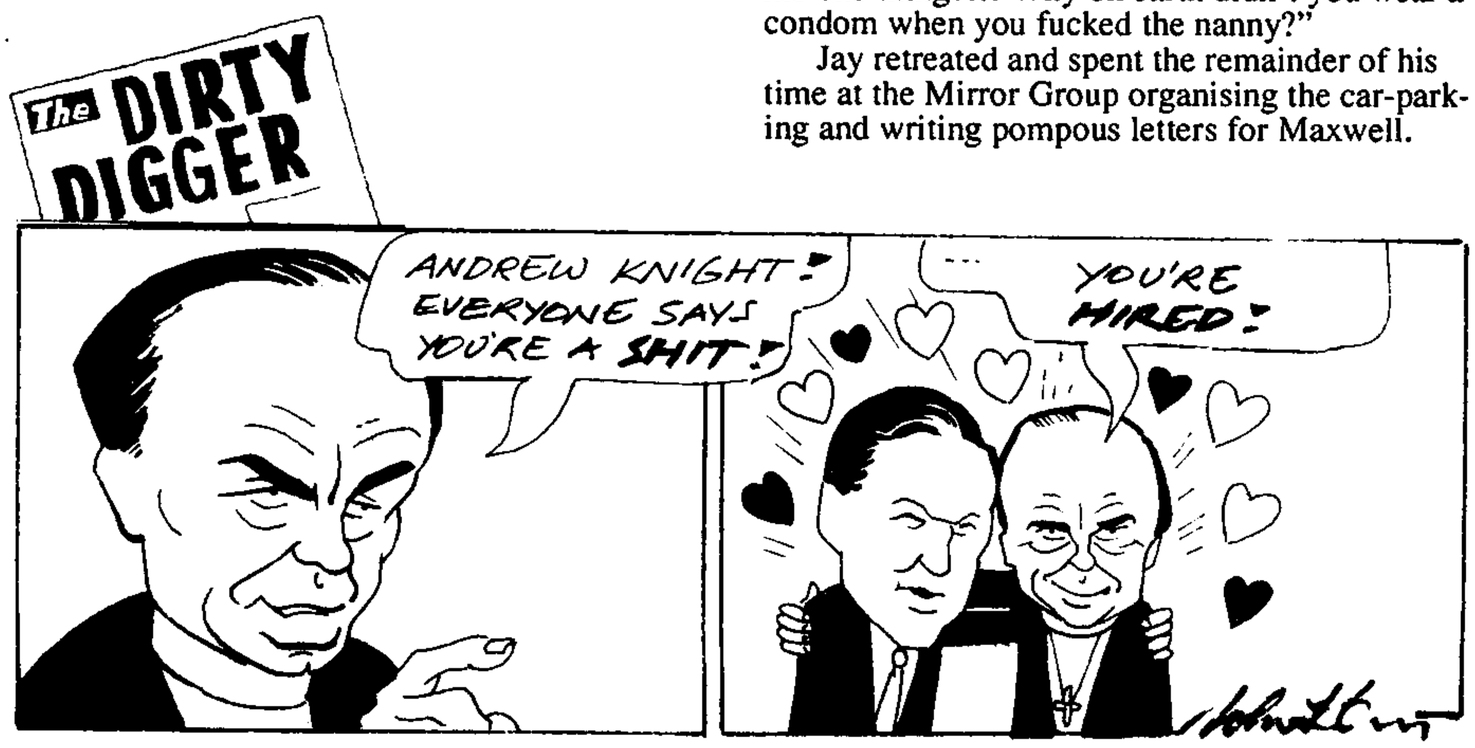
Lodge's offence was to pen a vitriolic letter accusing *TES* assistant editor Barry Hugill of blatant pro-Israeli bias in an article on the Gaza Strip that he wrote last month. Hugill had visited Gaza as a guest of the Britain-Israel Public Affairs Centre, and his report was markedly sympathetic to the young Israeli soldiers who were fighting the Palestinian *intifada*.

When the *TES* refused to print Lodge's letter of protest, he sent hundreds of copies to MPs, the Department of Education and Science, local councils, teachers and other newspapers. He was immediately disciplined by *TES* editor Patricia Rowan for "bringing the paper into disrepute".

Relations between Lodge and Hugill have never been cordial, according to *TES* hacks. The former has a Jordanian girlfriend called Naomi — the adopted daughter of legendary Arab Legion commander General John Glubb (aka "Glubb Pasha") — while Hugill is married to an orthodox Jew.

It now seems that neither man will be with the *TES* for much longer. While Lodge contemplates his imminent dismissal, Hugill has accepted a job as the *Observer*'s education correspondent. What neither Hugill nor the *Observer* may realise is that Lodge's letter denouncing him as an Israeli stooge has been drawn to the attention of certain fundamentalist Muslim groups, who have now vowed to "take appropriate action against Hugill".

Hugill, who used to be a professional rugby league player for Hunslet, can no doubt look after himself in hand-to-hand combat with Lodge, but whether he is prepared to run a gauntlet of hundreds of screaming mad mullahs outside the *Observer* building remains to be seen.



JANET FOOKES, Tory MP for Plymouth Drake, is now being described as the best Speaker the House of Commons will never have.

A one-time draconian and disciplinarian schoolmistress who lists her recreation as "gymnasium exercises", she was widely tipped as the next Speaker (see *Eyes passim*) until she lost her cool with Labour's Dale Cambell-Savours when she was in the chair of the standing committee of the health services and community care bill and stupidly reported his behaviour to the Speaker in the chamber of the Commons.

As a result, Labour MPs won't touch her with the proverbial bargepole any more. The Speaker, who was tormented by MPs over mistake after mistake in the uproar that ensued, was clearly livid. And worse, when Soup-Tin started to make a series of allegations against Michael Forsyth, a minister dealing with the bill, Thatch — who recently appointed this author of *The Myths of Privatisation* and *No Turning Back* as chairman of the Scottish Conservative Party — had to be bundled out of the chamber.

Tory whips, who are ruthless about these matters, have simply crossed spinster Janet off their list of possible replacements for Bernard Weatherill whom they've been trying to get to resign for the past two years. Meanwhile Labour MPs are hoping that Soup-Tin will be appointed by Kinnock to his frontbench team, which is badly in need of his talents.

In a brilliant end to the saga, Soup-Tin called over to Malcolm Rifkind, the Secretary of State for Scotland who has lost the ear of Thatch because he's as wet as Forsyth is dry, and said: "I expect a hefty tip from you for this lot." Rifkind beamed.

NEIL KINNOCK recently told the world that he cried when the Berlin Wall, championed for so long by the tyrant Erich Honecker, came down. Some say that his tears would look more principled if he signed Early Day Motion No257 which reads:

That this House calls upon Robert Maxwell, former member of this House, to publicly apologise to those East Germans who fought for freedom and democracy against the former regime under harsh and repressive circumstances, for describing Erich Honecker as the Father of the Nation and to donate generously from his wealth, as some very limited recompense, a substantial sum of money to assist the restoration of democracy in East Germany.

So far only two Labour MPs, courageous Joan Lestor, a frontbench spokesperson, and Donald Coleman have signed the all-party motion condemning Maxwell for his supine support of one of the most odious men in the modern world. This of course has nothing to do with the fact that Maxwell's papers, for the moment at any rate, support the People's Party.

AS IF THE Government's problems in Scotland were not bad enough, a lot of ungrateful voters in Glasgow are now trying hard to take Scottish secretary Malcolm Rifkind to court.

This follows his approval of the Strathclyde region's structure plan, into which a multi-million pound proposal to build two low-level bridges in Glasgow had been slipped — without any public consultation whatsoever and thus in breach of the planning laws.

The howls of protest should have prompted Rifraff to send the plan back; but he did not. Instead, environmental pressure group Glasgow for People discovered that the bridge plan had been put forward in 1988 by the Government's Scottish Development Office — effectively by the secretary of state himself!

Glasgow for People has until the end of the month to raise £10,000 to pursue Mr Rifkind through the courts. Taking a leaf from the Tories' book, the group has privatised the campaign and is selling redeemable £1 action bonds from its campaign HQ (c/o CND, 420 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow G2).

If the matter does reach court, Rifraff will be able to save the Government money by conducting his own defence. He is, after all, a qualified QC.

LABOUR MPs were amazed when one of their frontbench spokesmen on the standing committee of the broadcasting bill, Robin Corbett, announced that Labour would not be voting against the Government's sitting motion. This decides when and how often the committee will sit and is arranged for the convenience of the Government and inconvenience of the opposition.

Backbench Labour MPs had thought that they'd agreed to oppose the motion partly because it was introduced by the arrogant and unpopular government minister David Mellor, and partly because the bill allows Murdoch, Maxwell and their ilk to ruin TV much as they have ruined newspapers. The ludicrous Corbett surely cannot believe, as has been put about on his behalf, that as a result of this act of surrender the Government will make serious concessions as the bill proceeds.

More bafflement followed when Alistair Darling, another of Labour's frontbench spokesmen for the Home Office, summed up for Labour only to be followed by Mark Fisher, Labour's art spokesman, who summed up again for Labour — or vice versa.

Fisher is still smarting at Neil Kinnock's refusal to allow him to take responsibility for broadcasting in a new and enlarged ministry for the arts should Labour ever form a government. Sitting behind Fisher on the committee is Norman Buchan, whose job Fisher took when Kinnock saved Buchan after a row on this precise issue. Buchan has never forgiven Fisher. Every time Fisher rises to speak Buchan, a poet, utters sagacious laments.

IT WAS WITH great sadness that MPs received a letter on 20 December from the Lord President of the Council, Sir Geoffrey Howe, telling them that the Inland Revenue was investigating tax avoidance and evasion by some of their secretaries and researchers.

It seems that some MPs have been failing to deduct income tax and national insurance contributions from their remuneration. The secretaries and researchers concerned have been treating themselves as self-employed and gaining tax advantages like builders "on the lump". But as Sir Geoffrey points out, "there can be no question of staff or members choosing for themselves the status they prefer."

Sir Geoffrey goes on to add: "To correct the position in the future and to protect members from any unexpected tax liabilities — as the employer the member would strictly be liable for any failure to operate PAYE procedures properly — the Revenue intend to look at the circumstances of those staff members treated as self-employed at present."

However, MPs were relieved to read that there will be no prosecutions and no retrospective action by the IR. Sir Geoffrey concluded reassuringly: "I am sure that the Revenue will carry out this work as quickly and sensitively as possible."

In a subsequent letter on 8 January, MPs were told that they will get special treatment and will not be expected, like an ordinary member of the public, to travel to their tax office (which in this case is Ty Glas in Glamorgan) to discuss the fiddling. Instead IR inspectors will make special visits to Parliament to deal with the miscreants.

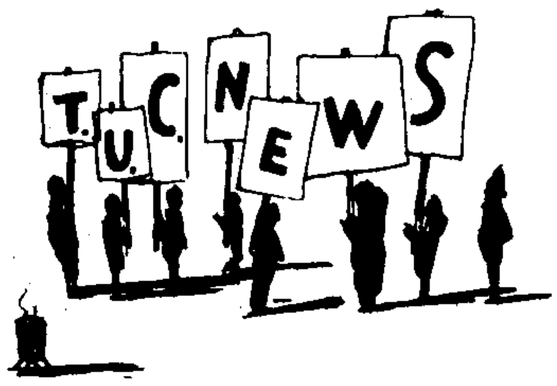
THERE are signs that senior civil servants are now worrying that Thatch has lost her grip and that a Labour government may be a possibility in a year or two.

Hitherto she has rigidly controlled promotions in the civil service and has insisted that no one is promoted to top posts who is not "one of us". Since almost all civil servants are Tories, and right-wing Tories at that, her edicts have not been hard to follow.

But now comes a shock. Etonian Nicholas Monck has been promoted to second permanent secretary at the Treasury. He thus becomes more important than any other Treasury mandarin apart from Sir Peter Middleton, whom Mrs Thatcher personally promoted over the heads of other more likely Treasury people because she could trust him.

Monck is a Labour supporter and was private secretary to Denis Healey in the 1970s. His promotion is seen as an insurance by the Treasury that if Kinnock goes to Downing Street there should be at least one Treasury mandarin with Labour credentials.

'Backbiter'



THE National Union of Journalists is gliding gracefully into bankruptcy. It has been forced to borrow £500,000 to get by until a special crisis conference in March.

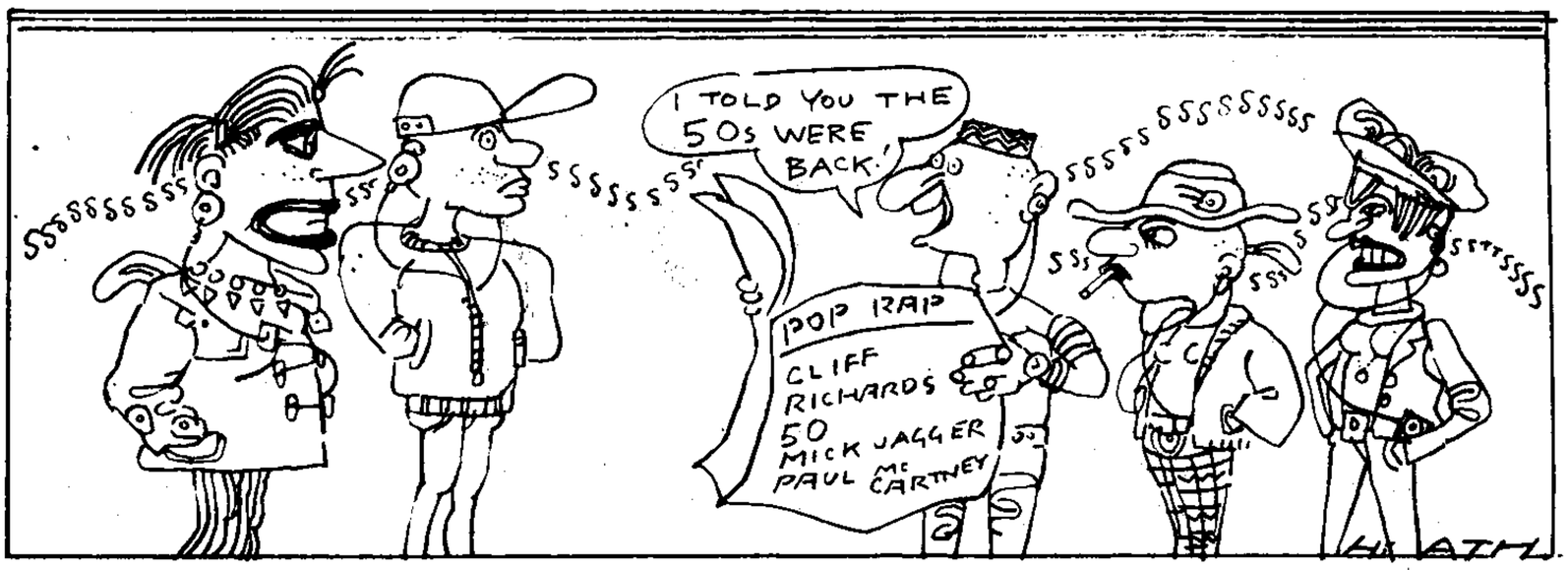
For years the union has been taking on new commitments in its determination to save the nation from folly and wickedness and has recruited extra staff to do the job. The staff have to be paid and so the deadbeat union has regularly been unable to balance its books.

Convivial Harry Conroy, the general secretary, often meets up with Tony Dubbins, leader of the print union, the National Graphical Association, for lunch. He travels through a network of secret tunnels underneath the NGA's bunker in Bedford down to King's Cross where the NUJ has its office — at Popcorn House — and the two share a small bottle of sparkling mineral water at nearby Smithy's wine bar.

It was Dubbins who provided £200,000 of the money the NUJ has borrowed. Is he ruminating on whether he will soon be able to take over the union? A previous attempt at a merger failed, but hacks are now wondering if they are to be delivered as a computerised package to their old enemies, the Luddite inkies who have loads of money but no future. This would mean losing the radio and TV journalists who have no connection with printing.

For Big Harry, who has just taken delivery of a new car supplied by his union, it would lift the burden of responsibility and a difficult future with cutbacks and redundancy pay for his surplus staff. If takeover is the idea, it would explain why there has been no air of crisis or disaster as NUJ members contemplate the desperate measures needed to survive.

NUMERO UNO MICHAEL HEATH

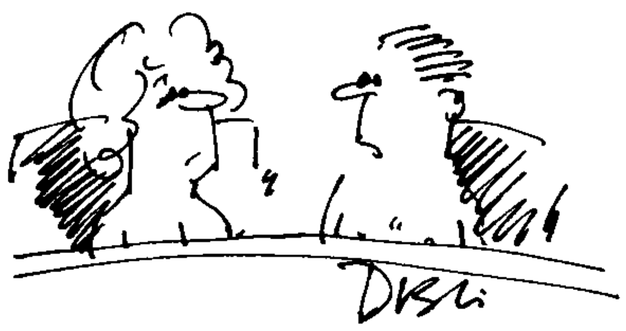


Grovel

NO SOONER have the people of Eastern Europe thrown off the yoke of tyranny than they find themselves threatened by a new menace — mass invasion by the entire membership of the Groucho Club. Weekends in Prague or East Berlin are now *de rigueur* for anyone who wants to be thought modish; even an old twit like Sir Nicholas Fairbairn was seen doing the hokey-cokey on the Berlin Wall on new year's eve.

But some East Europeans are pleasingly unimpressed by their new visitors, as fashionable London interior designer Tchaik Chassay discovered when he took his wife Melissa, actor John *Dangerous Liaisons* Malkevich and film moguls Bernardo and Clare Bertolucci on a trip to Prague for new year's eve.

Chassay was desperate for an invitation to Vaclav Havel's party but couldn't get one for love or money, no matter how often he dropped Bertolucci's name. Eventually, abandoning hope, he got in touch with a lowly Czech who had once worked for him and asked if they could come and see in the new year with him instead. "Sure," the humble peasant replied. "Why don't you come with me to a party I've been invited to?" It was, needless to say, the Havel bash.



"I warn you – I'm a unit trust manager. Things can go down as well as up"

I WAS pleased to see that my old friend Michael Meacher, Labour MP and man of the people, has apparently buried the hatchet with the *Observer* newspaper following their distressing legal tiff.

Readers will recall how Micheal lost a libel action against the *Observer* and its esteemed political columnist, Alan Watneys, concerning the humbleness of his proletarian origins. As part of the deal reached by Lord Goodman, he eventually paid the *Observer*'s agreed costs of £80,000 as well as his own costs. But even so the paper still had to fork out another £40,000 to its lawyers.

Imagine my delight then, when I saw that Michael is writing travel copy for the newspaper from the distinctly non-cloth cap tropical resort of the British Virgin Islands.

According to the article in last Sunday's newspaper, Micheal appears to have donned the knotted handkerchief, rolled up his trouser legs and enjoyed his freebie holiday for two in paradise immensely. I presume, given the circumstances, he has foregone the usual fee.

SOME OF my more sensitive American friends have been complaining bitterly about superspiv Donald Trump, who names boats, hotels, buildings and even games after himself.

He has just concluded legal action against a small Georgian company which had the wit and temerity to call itself "Trump Cards". They have now settled by agreeing to pay the odious man royalties for use of "his" name.

I comforted them that there were natural limits to his expropriation of the language — the *Oxford English Dictionary* **lists "Trump to mean b. to give forth a trumpet-like sound;** *spec* **to break wind audibly".**

Pseuds Corner

Not surprisingly, ***Private Eye*****'s most eagerly awaited feature in each issue, apart from "Grovel", its jaunty, astonishingly punitive gossip column, is "Pseuds Corner". There, the editors reprint those sentences from the week before that have most offended them. And they are easily offended. Sometimes, the quotes they choose are indeed pretentious nonsense. More often, however, the cullings expose nothing more than the editors' own unabashed Philistinism, their bitter mistrust of intellectuals (whom they seem to view as horrible, alien growth, uncovered — eek! — among the honest English roses), and their generalized contempt for culture.**

DAVID REIFF
Elle

As my collection grew and became more eclectic and as I do understand art quite well, they began to take it seriously. Though some people still won't accept me the way they do Madonna, or Jack Nicholson, or Steve Martin, whose collections can't even compare with mine... I have the finest Douguereau (sic), I think, in the world — the Pieta. I have Rodin, Magritte, Degas, Dalis, Bacon, Hockney, Kefor (sic)... it's all over the place and it's good! If I tell you I have a Boyd Webb sculpture — two giant teeth eating a pair of violins — sitting next to a Rodin, you'll go "Never!" But when you see it, it works! Great art will meld with great art!

SYLVESTER STALLONE
Empire

My book of the year is by my wife. Hermine Demoriane's **The Tightrope Walker** (Secker, £17.50) is a history of the world seen from the perspective of the tightrope, a true novel taken from the diaries of a French girl loose in pre-punk, post-hippy London and a unique archive of the iconography of funambulism. It is a vision I shall keep by me for many years.

HUGO WILLIAMS
Daily Telegraph

The narrow cheeks are unevenly thatched with sparse beard, his eyes are laughing and electrically blue. He is, dare one say it these days, quite beautiful. You can't help but notice also that his very famous nose — hooked and noble — is running.

He exudes a saintly dignity that fills this admittedly tiny room and possibly quite a bit of the adjoining bathroom. Whatever charisma is, you are swiftly made aware, Bob Dylan has it kingsize, on ice, deluxe, by appointment, club class, squared, plus VAT, with fries to go.

Q Magazine

This situation, only superficially labyrinthine, which concluded with, or rather, sent into orbit and triggered off, an unalloyed subjectivity — the fruit of a cyclically conceived function in which transformations differing in texture are orchestrated-created during the 1980s parallel beneficial and positive conditions for the maximum possible participation on the part of a visitor to an exhibition.

Brochure for Minos Beach Hotel (Crete) Art Symposium

CONTRIBUTORS: Susan Bergholz, Ovais Naqvi, Justin Marozzi, Julia Meaden, Colin Francis.

£10 paid for entries

"Typical Gower – he got himself out in minutes"

● *I HEAR that snooty old crone Betty Kenward, who has been writing "Jennifer's Diary" in Harper's & Queen since shortly after the First World War, is distinctly unimpressed by her new editor, flame-haired Sally O'Sullivan. The other day O'Sullivan went into Mrs Kenward's office to ask her a question about her column, but was given short shrift. "I'm not telling you that," snapped the doyenne. O'Sullivan ventured to ask why not. "Because," Mrs Kenward replied, "you're a very common woman."*

OUR LAST item about the antics of acclaimed comic novelist Paul Pickering has provoked yet another effusion from his pen (see *Letters*). This time he points out, *inter alia*, that if our allegations were "half true, I should be languishing in D Wing of Wormwood Scrubs prison". He also claims to have a phobia about broken glass.

Victoria Petrie-Hay, his editor at Weidenfeld a few years ago and herself now a novelist, remembers an incident in which Pickering was evidently able to overcome his phobia. It was at a new year dinner at her home in Bodiam, East Sussex. Pickering was sitting next to another guest and slowly becoming more and more agitated by the fellow's remarks. First, Pickering smashed a glass, and then, somewhat later, he smashed a half-full bottle of wine by bringing it down on a plate (which left a permanent gouge-mark on the wooden dining-table). "I didn't like you when I met you the first time," Pickering fulminated. "I like you even less now"; and clutching the broken bottle in his hand, he invited the anxious guest outside. Fortunately, he was restrained from attacking the man, but instead started hitting Petrie-Hay's books, spattering some of them with his own blood, which had begun to flow as a result of the broken glass. The police were called but Pickering and his wife had left before they arrived.

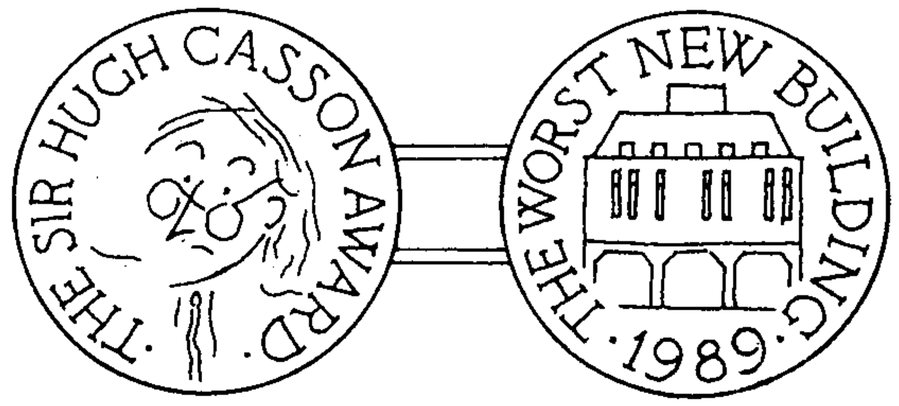
Recollecting this undignified behaviour in tranquillity, Petrie-Hay has described how Pickering's "eyes go funny, start to bulge" — "I think it's a wonder he hasn't been in prison," she says.

We have also gleaned an additional detail about the Andy McKillop headbutting incident (no indignant denial from Pickering about this), which took place at the Cadogan Gardens flat of Mark Collins, the then managing director of Weidenfeld. After attacking McKillop, Pickering was naturally shown the door. On his way out of the building, however, he was able to vent his aggression further by snapping off the wooden balustrade. More stories flood into the *Eye* about Pickering every week.

The *Eye* has even been sent a photograph of Pickering "mooning" while on a trip to Mauritius in 1987. It is too disgusting to reproduce in a family publication.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS



THERE are many architectural qualities recognized by the award of the SIR HUGH CASSON MEDAL: ugliness, pretentiousness, illiteracy, vulgarity, functional uselessness, banality or sheer irrelevance. Last year's winner of this prestigious architectural accolade falls largely into the last category.

The Mound in Edinburgh is, simply, a mound that straddles the loch between the old and new towns. On it sit, in cool magnificence, two noble Grecian public buildings by Playfair: the National Gallery and the Scottish Academy. Nothing more is needed to give point and purpose to the city centre. Yet, in 1983, Lothian Regional Council together with the dread PSA held a competition to create, on the Mound, "an all weather public space for the city comparable to London's Trafalgar Square or Glasgow's George Square".

The entries rose magnificently to the silliness of this concept and the winners, Messrs Allies & Morrison, proposed to clutter up a pure space and to insult fine architecture with a series of pointless, pretentious structures in a loose post-Modern Classical style. The judges thought the design "promises to sustain the grave and solid quality of Edinburgh's neo-Classical tradition" and the Royal Fine Art Commission loved it.

But art is not made without struggle. Things were delayed by the arrival on the Mound of Tim Clifford, but that bumptious Sassenach cannot be blamed for keeping the architectural conscience of the "Athens of the North" for all his trustees at the National Gallery agreed that the scheme for the Mound was as impractical as it was silly. Yet the authorities in Edinburgh, those smooth men who, for four decades, have resolutely refused to give the city an opera house for the

festival, insisted on pushing ahead with the project.

Perhaps young "Bob" Allies and Graham Morrison should not be blamed, but, unfortunately, this smug pair are one of several mediocre hopes for the future desperately promoted by the RIBA in two "Forty under Forty" exhibitions and they have rewarded their backers by exuding all the moral certainties of the old Modern Movement. "Context is king," says Mr Allies, a Rome Scholar, but not only have they failed to respond to the context of Playfair's architecture, they at present are pressing a gauche and insensitive scheme for revamping Centre Point which arrogantly fails to respond to the remarkable "Pop Art" character of that once-notorious tower by Colonel Seifert (actually by George Marsh).

In Edinburgh, fortunately, the row of booths "like Roman shops", have been dropped, but the massive disabled toilet and the "temple" were completed last year. Now this masterpiece can be admired in all its sublime pointlessness, a coarse, tawdry little structure covered in graffiti. Such is the great tradition of Modern Architecture. Our most distinguished — and youthful — panel of judges — Maxwell Hutchinson, PRIBA, Professor Sir Jules Lubbock and HRH the Prince of Wales, had no hesitation in awarding this little gem the Hugh Casson Medal for 1989.

THE* MACMILLAN AWARD *for the most dreadful local authority of the year was a close run thing. Between them, Durham County Council and Durham City Council have totted up more entries in this column than any competitor, for both these stalwart Labour fiefdoms have done their best to let market forces rip in the time-honoured manner.

Here is a nice example of municipal integrity. Don Robson, the leader of the county council who is so determined to build over Aykley Heads regardless of massive local opposition and planning procedures (Eyes passim ad nauseam), was furious when on 15 November the city council strongly objected to the county council's plan to convert the grounds of Houghall College, an "area of great landscape value", into a caravan park as the proposal was in complete contradiction to both the county structure plan and the local plan.

Gary Birch, leader of the city council (and a county council employee) was then summoned to an interview with our Don. The result was that at their meeting on 27 November the good Labour councillors solemnly reversed their decision.

Such is local democracy. So, for their brave efforts to ruin the fair and ancient city of Durham, our distinguished panel of judges, Lord Aldington, has decided that the Macmillan Award for 1989 should be shared jointly by Durham city and Durham county councils.

'Piloti'

Sporting Life

AFTER the McGrath family's company Crest Holdings Ltd rejected the bid by Jonathan Irwin's consortium for Crest's 33 per cent share in Goffs, there is intense speculation on both sides of the Irish Sea about the role played by the Aga Khan.

The suave old Fat Controller is represented on the Goffs board by Ghislain Drion, who manages his Ballymany Stud at the Curragh, and the Aga's company Thoroughbred Promotion and Development Ltd has a 12 per cent stake in the auction house. When that was added to Crest's 33 per cent, it was quite enough to give chairman Michael Dargan a majority over the Cartier sponsorship issue and thus force Irwin's dismissal or "resignation".

It's not hard to see why the Aga would be glad to see the back of the whole Cartier race. Each of the first two runnings took place on the Saturday of the two-day Arc de Triomphe meeting at Longchamp which is sponsored by the Aga's company CIGA. CIGA has invested a huge amount into the Arc weekend trying to build it up as a mini-festival where the first day card will itself become one of the highlights of the European season. It's bad enough that Newmarket still stages the Cambridgeshire that day; but CIGA was really put out by having another "glittering" event — posting half a million punts worth of prize money — taking place at the same time in another European city.

Irwin's marketing flair and Cartier's dough brought surprisingly large numbers of the socially newsworthy to Dublin and not all of them flew on to Paris afterwards. As recently as last October Irwin was cheekily declaring that going to Phoenix Park was much more fun as these days the Arc is far too crowded to be enjoyable while for the rest of the week Longchamp is less atmospheric than a mortuary. The Fat Controller was not amused.

On 13 December "His Highness" was caught out attending a surprise and apparently secret meeting at Dublin's Shelbourne Hotel — not one of his regular haunts. The food isn't good enough and the decor is too THF. But who should his fellow confrères be? Why none other than Michael Dargan and Paddy McGrath. On 18 December Drion issued an hilarious statement claiming that the Aga's presence in Ireland during the Goffs takeover battle was entirely coincidental and that he had merely flown in to discuss the setting up of a new bloodstock insurance company. With Dargan and McGrath?

Three days later Irwin's offer, which had appeared to be gathering support in the preceding weeks, was officially rejected. He was told that Crest was under no circumstances prepared to discuss either the offer or the whole matter any further. If Big Paddy had been on the point of coming down in favour of his former protégé, his resolve had been successfully stiffened by his senior colleagues and Irwin's fate had been sealed. The 1990 Million Race had already been put back until the week after the Arc at the instigation of Dargan, but as yet the leftover board members have singly failed to come up with a sponsor of comparable status to Cartier. Perhaps they'll approach CIGA.

'Major Bonkers'

EYE TV

See For Yourself

(BBCI)

ALTHOUGH Sue Lawley's knees were this year saved for the pay-off rather than played as the teaser up-front, *See For Yourself* (BBCI) has changed little during its three years. A host — first "Duke" Hussey himself, then the BBC knees herself, now Terry Wogan — introduces interviews with Sid who rigs the lights for Wimbledon ("This is the big one, in point of fact") and reveals how it can take an entire day to transform a Surrey bungalow in to the library where the body is found by a popular period detective.

This approach is known as accountability, although in the sense of purses rather than purges. It was, significantly, Michael Checkland, the first accountant DG, who introduced it. The idea is that the programmes are the corporation's annual shareholders' meeting. This British institution having so far at least resisted privatisation, the shareholding is purely notional but the theory is that viewers — investors via the licence fee — are now told how the money has been spent.

This candour ought to be welcome. Unfortunately, like much of the BBC's corporate response to the aerial barbarians, it is flawed in concept and hamfisted in enactment. The problem with the project has always been that Hussey and Checkland naively believe that the message sent out by *See For Yourself* to the Government is that the BBC is more economic, more variously funded and more journalistically responsible (ie more pro-Government) and therefore deserving of softer legislative treatment. In fact, the opening up of its processes for scrutiny removes from the case for public service broadcasting both its mystique and its previous status as an unarguable virtue. You can't sell shares in an indefinable ideal.

For example, we are all, by an analogy quite as plausible, shareholders in the defence of this country and its royal family. But imagine a *See For Yourself* made by the MoD, in which a twinkling general chatted to Sid who polished Polaris ("This is the big one, in point of fact") and revealed the exact cost (item by item, from ammunition to packed lunches) of the British army. Or a royal version, hosted by a beaming Duke of Edinburgh, in which he admitted the total cost in pounds and manpower of preparing a maternity ward for the birth of Fergie's next child.

The result of such accountability would be, fairly rapidly, a defenceless republic and the Prince of Wales as an exiled minor watercolourist in Monaco. Views will differ about the benefits of these ends, which is why the examples make useful comparisons. It is usually argued by its opponents that quality television is an indulgence of elitists or the left, but there are equally publicly-funded unaccountable institutions on the territory of traditionalists and the right.

Public service broadcasting is, like nuclear bombs and the monarchy, a concept for which the primary justification can never be economy. Once you scrutinise them too closely, they start to go.

An accountability which should never have been offered could not even be efficiently delivered. Dismissed by the enemies of the corporation as mere public relations, the show dismays supporters of the BBC by reminding them that it is run by Hussey, whom you keep expecting to say "wireless", and Checkland whom you keep expecting to say "bottom line".

Hussey's greatest weakness is pompous autobiography. In the first year of the project he revealed to a caller that one of his houses was in that part of the world. Now he backed up a reference to *Casualty* with the information that he was the chairman of a hospital.

As in the previous two years, it was apparent that there is immense public goodwill towards the organisation but that there are fears over a downmarket trend, dragged by the gravity of satellite, and cowed reporting, the result of government bullying. The shallow reassurances of Duke and Mikey that these fears are groundless merely encourage belief in their deep roots.

This year, in addition, the BBC appeared to be caught fiddling the accountability. A caller to a radio phone-in linked to *See For Yourself* claimed to have been instructed not to mention independent radio. An independent company making the sequence on radio for the main *See For Yourself* programme — the use of independents is supposedly a guarantee that the navel will be properly exposed — was asked to cut a derogatory reference to Radio 3. Lawley fearlessly asked Checkland about this on air. He replied that the cutting was "not censorship. This is editorial processes". He was not further challenged. And so on. All you saw for yourself was weakness, confusion and fear.

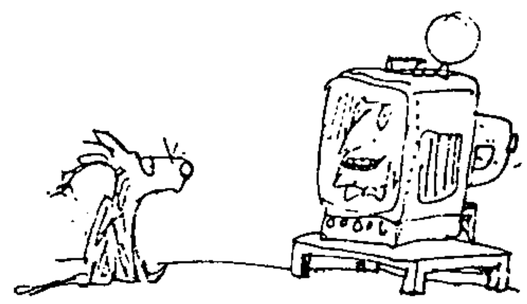
'Square Eyes'

THAT'S LIFE

VIEWERS of last Sunday's pisspoor *That's Life* may have been puzzled by what seemed to be an extended advertisement for a holiday camp in South Wales called Barry Island. Happy campers in T-shirts did a song and dance number extolling the joys of holidays at the resort; a grinning Esther announced enthusiastically that it was a great place for all the family.

What she neglected to mention was that this gratuitous puffery was part of a libel settlement reached last month between Barry Island's owner and the BBC. As penance for an old *That's Life* attack on the holiday camp, the corporation agreed to pay £250,000 damages, an estimated £200,000 costs — plus a free plug on the show.

MEDIA NEWS



THINGS you didn't see for yourself.

1. The story behind the infamous Dave Allen F-word.

Allen's stage act has always been pretty filthy but he's kept the television material clean until now. This time he made it a bit more foul-mouthed since he had been away for a few years and had probably noticed the younger stand-ups (well, younger than him anyway) were getting away with more than the occasional "bloody".

The BBC's men in suits saw the show and insisted on a number of sections coming out including: the "fuck" at the end of the now legendary clock joke; a couple of "fucks" earlier in the routine and a Salman Rushdie-type gag designed to offend Buddhists.

When he was told about this Allen got very stroppy and did a few impromptu routines on the phone including even more F-words.

Finally a compromise was reached where the greymen left in only the last "fuck", thinking no one would notice it at the end of the show, particularly as it was merely propping up an old joke late at night.

They were, of course, wrong.

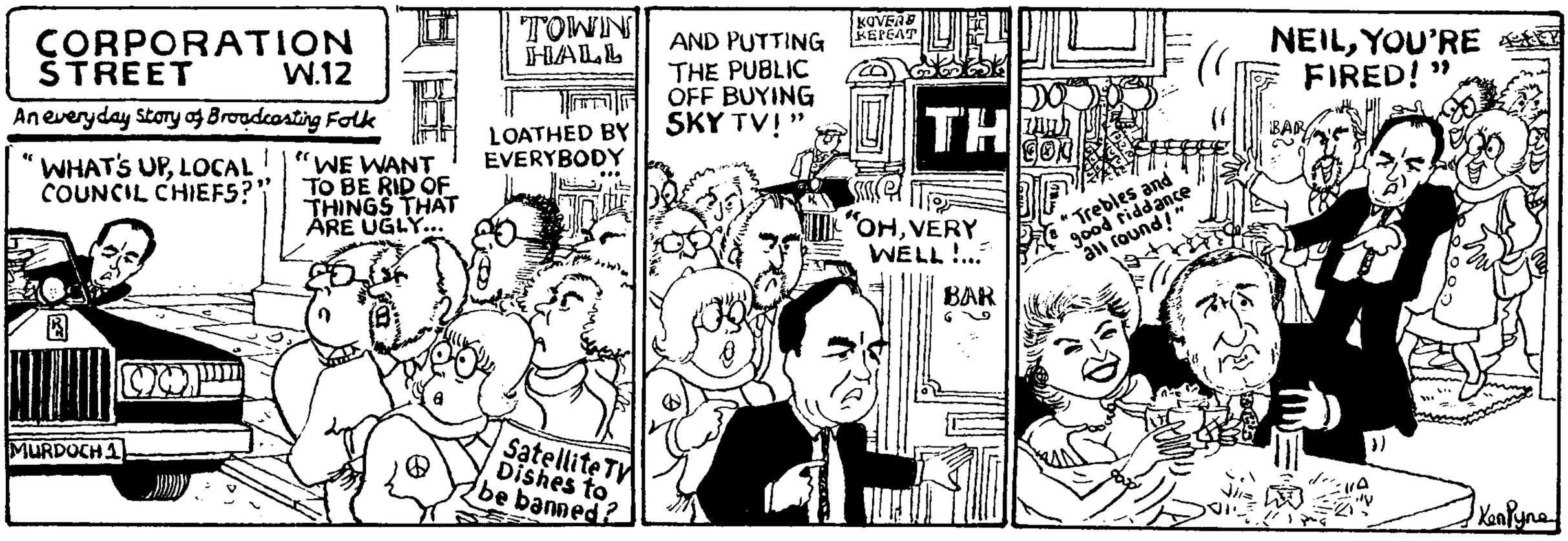
AS Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill returns to full-time duty at the *Sunset Times*, the heart-throb editor and Pamella-ex has been boasting of his success at Sky which, he claims, can now be received by "over a million homes". This figure, way below original projections, guarantees further huge losses for Murdoch and conceals the extent to which even those who can receive Sky have rejected the junk programming.

Over half the claimed potential audience is in fact made up of cable subscribers and prospective advertisers and dish purchasers should look carefully at the ratings produced by PETAR, the Pan European Television Audience Research service.

Roughly a third of Andrew Neill's claimed audience is to be found in the Irish Republic, where the 1989 figures show a drop in adult viewing of the satellite services. Only 11 per cent of the nearly 340,000 cable subscribers take advantage of the "broadcasting revolution", a drop of 7 per cent on the previous survey's results. Specialist channels like MTV are holding their own and the Irish and British networks have increased their share of the audience. Not so Sky One which has dropped to 5 per cent from the 9 per cent rating achieved by the old pan-European Sky which Neill was brought in to revamp so expensively.

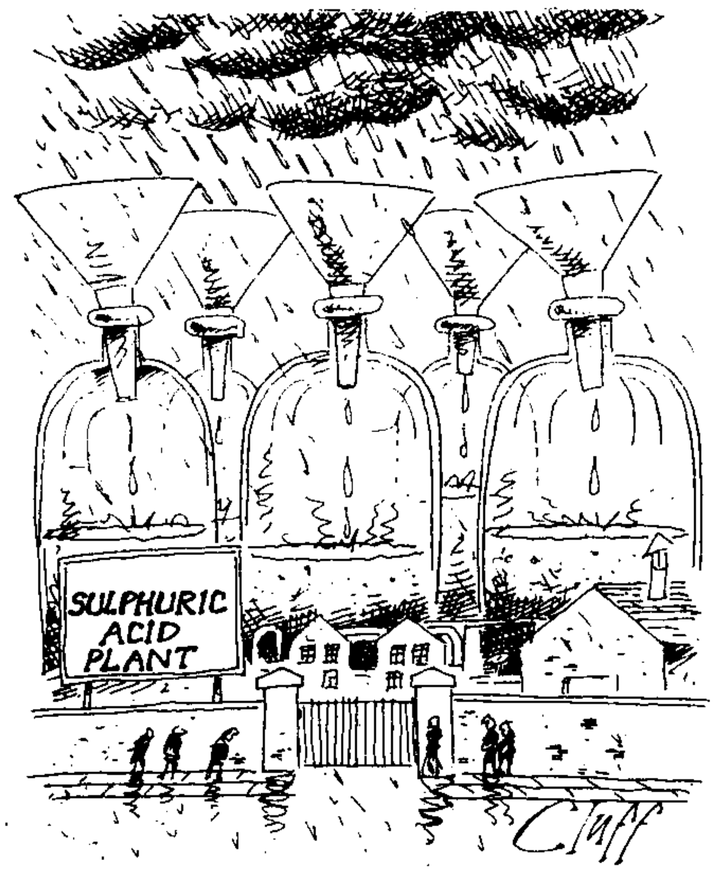
Now, of course, it's Andrew Knight's turn to try to bring this disastrous venture back from the brink. But the truth is that only an idiot or a complete egomaniac would invest in a general satellite service.

LATE NEWS: Robert Maxwell is considering a bid for the shares owned by beleaguered Australian Alan Bond in British Satellite Broadcasting.



DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'



BORING facts do not deter the enterprising food Leninists of Torfaen District Council in South Wales. The council has turned its attention to ducks.

Rechem, the waste-disposal king, apparently kills ducks and this assault on the amiable duck population of Pontypool — well, the six ducks belonging to Mr Ken Caldicot of Pontyfelin Lane, anyway — has outraged the Welsh media.

Not only do ducks apparently disappear in the most mysterious circumstances, but their eggs do too the moment their alleged poison content is about to be tested scientifically. Town hall busybodies claimed that the Torfaen duck eggs showed levels of 600 parts per billion of polychlorinated biphenyls and dioxins. But when Rechem sought independent examination of the PCB-poisoned ova, the eggs suddenly went missing.

There is an important lesson in this for PR types. People can get quite carried away by stories about baby seals, whales or ducks, and the real facts of the matter are never recorded by the hacks. The only criticism of Rechem is that it has not dug a pond in its grounds and let ducks potter about.

IF RECHEM is a virtuous multinational, United Biscuits is not.

Readers may recall the problems of Anna, the baker from whose kitchen emerge most excellent cakes and biscuits, readily bought by scores of customers to her farm shop.

Anna's products are much tastier than anything from that powerful combine United Biscuits; but Anna cannot beat UB on price even though she keeps costs to a minimum. UB plc has an unfair advantage over Anna: it receives huge subsidies from the EEC for its statesmanlike bulk purchases of European Commission food surpluses.

The United Biscuits directors certainly deserve their vast salaries for their expertise in playing the Berleymont bureaucrats: they have just got the EEC to give them £10 million. Although this is petty cash to the commission, it allows handsome expansion of UB's surplus-consuming units in Grimsby, Ashby de la Zouche and Grosser Manchester.

United Biscuits is confident it can drive smaller competitors like Anna out of business. Her shortbread and ginger biscuits cannot begin to be priced at the mega-subsidised levels of UB. But then in the EEC "Small is Futile" and family bakers might just as well give up the fight.

WORLD OF HYPE

THERE are red faces at *Arena* magazine, which in its anxiety to bash Tory-controlled Westminster Council has allowed itself to be made a foll of by the leader of the council's Labour opposition, Paul Dimoldenberg.

The current issue has a long article denouncing a new block of flats in Maida Vale called Carlton Gate, and Dimoldenberg's objections to the development are extensively quoted: "It's basically a piece of Docklands development dumped by the canal in North Paddington. It's creating a divide between those who are living in well-appointed luxury accommodation — who have got all the facilities laid on within a compound — and the rest of the people living on the outside... This sort of stuff is being thrown up quickly in order to make as much money as possible."

The estate agents selling the flats are mocked for claiming that the block is Maida Village ("a place which doesn't exist"). Dimoldenberg argues that Westminster council should have used the site for low-cost rented accommodation.

What *Arena* didn't say — or perhaps didn't know — is that Paul Dimoldenberg is not only a Labour councillor but also a top public relations man specialising in promoting property developers. He and a fellow Labour councillor from Westminster, Peter Bradley, work for a division of Good Relations, part of Tim Bell's Lowe-Bell PR empire. Dimoldenberg's clients include companies like London and Edinburgh Trust, Tarmac and Hanson Property Developments. But the developers of Carlton Gate — Declan Kelly Group Plc and the Eagle Star Group — are not on his roster.

While allowing him to knock his clients' competitors, the *Arena* article does not reveal his own involvement in second-rate projects. It would be interesting, for example, to know what Paul Dimoldenberg — in his capacity as earnest, do-gooding Labour politician — would think of the brochure recently issued for a huge Hanson development in Peterborough, which goes into raptures about its completely spurious "traditional village green" (at least as bogus as Maida Village) and makes no mention of any low-cost rented housing. Oddly enough, this glossy brochure was written on behalf of Hanson by Mr Paul Dimoldenberg of Good Relations.

campain

ALRIGHT, WHO TOLD THEM WE WERE OPENING?

We are witnessing history in the making. It's the end of an era and the dawn of a new age.

That's right, the Warsteiner Bistro is now open at 59 Cambridge Street in Glasgow. Scotland is having its first taste of a real German bar.

The trouble is this momentous news has made our comrades behind the Iron Curtain see red. The thought of all that wunderbar Warsteiner being served in very stylish German surroundings, (forget your oompahs and lederhosen), has driven them up, and over, the wall.

Contributor: Anon.

All dismal advertising gratefully received.

Sally Deedes

AFTER the capsize of Townsend Thorenson's ferry, the Herald of Free Enterprise, Sealink's magazine *Connections*, which is given away free on all Sealink ferries, decided to prove to the public that *its* safety standards were beyond doubt. The mag asked Sealink crews and captains on major routes to answer a number of questions on safety procedures. The replies duly came back to Sealink's HQ; but instead of conveying what the editor had hoped for, the answers showed such a lack of uniformity, not to say ignorance, that she decided not to publish them.

Following the inquest into the death of 19-year-old David Bunyan, who drowned last July after jumping from the St Brendan as it approached Rosslare Harbour, the evidence of the captain and the conflicting statements from Sealink head office would seem to confirm that no standard safety practice has been implemented.

Bunyan, who had been drinking heavily while on board, was last seen as the ship's lifeboat rounded the stern of the ship 20 minutes after he had jumped overboard. "If you had been told more quickly," the captain was asked at the inquest, "would you have been able to act faster?" "Yes," he replied to the Llanelli coroner.

"Was there an alarm system on board?" The captain replied that there were glass press buttons for fire and other emergencies but there was no emergency system specifically designed to cope with a man overboard.

According to a Sealink spokesman, all members of staff are in telephonic communication with the bridge. However, it was a passenger and not a member of the crew who informed the bridge some six minutes after Mr Bunyan had disappeared.

The lifeboat was lowered 14 minutes later. Did the St Brendan carry an inflatable craft that could have been dispatched more quickly? The captain said this was not possible since the main deck was the vehicle deck and there was no storage space. According to Sealink head office, all ferries carry inflatable craft.

Another passenger tried to lift a lifebelt but could not detach it from the railings. A crew member told him: "Just pull it, it will come away." The passenger tried but it refused to budge. It took another passenger with a knife to release it.

The lifebelt weighed between 7 and 8lbs and was difficult to throw. The two passengers failed to reach the drowning man as the lifebelt fell some 20 yards short. The lifebelts, the captain informed them, were not designed to be thrown — they might hit someone on the head and do more injury than help. The "rocket" line on board would have been useless in this situation as Mr Bunyan would have been unable to attach it to himself.

The tragic irony in situations such as this is that a large ship dare not get too close to the person in the water for fear of pulling him or her under, while the distance is always too far to throw a lifebelt.

According to Sealink, the company regards safety as its highest priority and is "continually updating" its safety programmes".

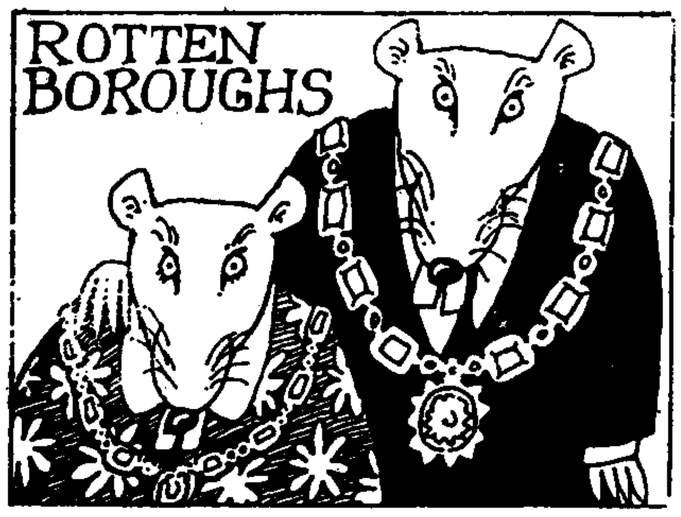
BRITISH RAIL's desperation to display its conversion to private enterprise is reaching ever-dafter levels. The latest example is BR's decision to offer up to £2 million in sponsorship towards a flower show.

Incredibly, the money is being put up by Network SouthEast, the UK's most crowded, expensive, underfunded and unpleasant division.

The event will be held at Hampton Court deer park in July and will be organised by Le Teurnier Boyd Management Services Ltd — a company with practically no experience of such events.

BR claims it will generate custom and goodwill and says it needs only 300,000 visitors to break even. It would do well to look at the long-established Chelsea Flower Show which attracts just 200,000 people.

FACT: BR has not made an accurate passenger forecast for a decade.



WEST WILTSHIRE

THERE HAVE been scenes of high drama and farce in the Trowbridge bunker of West Wiltshire District Council following the article in the last *Eye*.

First there was the illegal suspension of the council's chief executive Don Latham by a lynch mob of three Tories — Bruce Bennett, Kay Self and Mary Pearce — accompanied by council officers Roger Pugh and Rodger White.

Then there was the early day motion in the Commons supporting Mr Latham, accusing the clique who suspended him of running the council in secret and further accusing the council of fraud.

And then there was the meeting that reinstated Mr Latham and at which Messrs Bennett (council chairman), Self and Pearce were humiliated 11-3 by fellow Tories and opposition alike.

To cap it all, as the *Eye* went to press the council was facing the threat of court action and a judicial review if it did not answer questions from a councillor on payments to council staff.

And all this in the week the district auditor began investigating the council's "sale" — it doesn't look as if any money changed hands — of its highly-profitable firm West Wiltshire Software Limited (WWS) to West Wiltshire Information Systems Ltd (WWIS), privately-owned and run by former council officers!

As *Eye* readers were told two weeks ago — and readers of the *Telegraph* and the *Indescribably-slow* learned one week later — there is considerable disquiet in West Wiltshire and Westminster over many of the council's business dealings, but especially over the setting up in 1988 of WWIS by former council officers Gerald Garland (chief executive); Ray Perkins (chief rating officer); Richard Maslen (solicitor); and John Gilbert (computer worker). The men also worked for WWS.

The local Labour Party has asked a series of highly embarrassing questions covering computers, land deals and the privatisation of legal services. And last week's fiasco came after chief executive Latham (it was he who called in the district auditor) told a management sub-committee meeting that as chief executive he was obliged to answer questions about payments to staff by WWIS. The meeting accepted this grudgingly, but 15 minutes later the lynch mob of Messrs Bennett, Self and Pearce marched into Latham's office and handed him a handwritten note asking him to resign on grounds of incompetence.

Mr Latham refused and was duly suspended. At the meeting on Friday 12 January that overturned his suspension, it was decided that an assessor should look at his work. There are those in the council who say that Mr Latham is not in the slightest bit incompetent and that his suspension was a red herring. After all, he inherited the mess when he joined the council last summer.

The Tories, meanwhile, some of whom have broken away from the main caucus, finally broke their silence with a 10-page statement. One passage on privatisation caused particular merriment.

It explains: "In 1987 the district auditor discussed the privatisation of services with members. Generally the view was that the measures being taken were beneficial, providing proper balances and cheques [*sic!*] were incorporated."

Despite the statement, there are still many unanswered questions. For instance, why are council officers Pugh and White still receiving money on top of their normal salaries from West Wiltshire Software, supposedly now defunct?

Who are the 17 council staff who still have direct contracts with the private firm WWIS and how much do they earn on top of their council salaries? And is there any truth in the rumour that shares in WWIS bought for 50p by employees at the outset are now being bought back by the company for as much as £350?

Labour, locally and nationally, remembers Murkeyside and is wetting itself at the prospect of Tory councillors being surcharged or even disqualified over the company transfer. Indeed excitement is so great, Westminster sources claim, that David Blunkett, Labour frontbench spokesman on local government, is already involved in an unfraternal spat with Stuart Randall, the home affairs spokesman who introduced the early day motion, over who gets to drive in the stake.

MANCHESTER

JUST WHEN Manchester City Council thought the world had forgotten the murder of an Asian boy in one of its schools in 1986 and all the ludicrous "anti-racist" pontificating that followed, the issue has returned to haunt the hard-left authority.

A team of academics, originally chosen by the council three years ago to report on the murder of 13-year-old Ahmed Ullah in the Burnage School playground, has finally published its findings two years after the council disowned them.

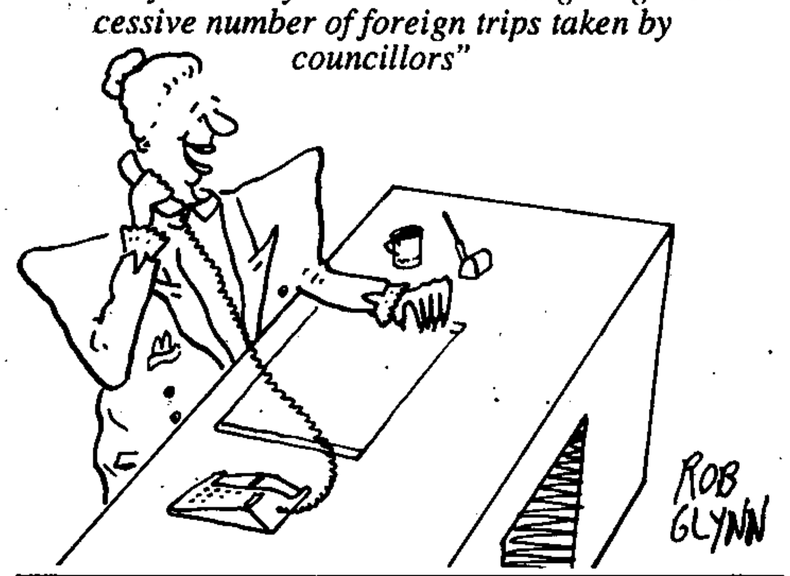
Although Manchester councillors had dipped far into the public purse to commission the report, they suddenly got cold feet when it was completed, spuriously claiming that the panel's findings were "gravely and irredeemably libellous".

Manchester City Council may now regret using the murder as an opportunity to put into practice its much-vaunted anti-racist policies. While it set up an "inquiry" to discover whether the murder was "racist", concerned but politically impure folk were chewing over the news that a year previously the murderer had tried to burn down the lower school block in what was thought to be a non-racially motivated, old-fashioned arson attack.

Following the set-to with the inquiry panel, the council tried to enlist a most unlikely ally — the then education secretary, Kenneth Baker — whom it urged to publish the report in Parliament under privilege.

Baker refused and a non-plussed panel, led by barrister Ian Macdonald, have stumped up their own costs to publish this month. Now a city waits to see whether the council was right in fearing that the panel may have libelled a woman described as "oppressed, ignorant and white working class"!

"I'm sorry, the Mayor's in Rio investigating the excessive number of foreign trips taken by councillors"



LIBEL NEWS

will be back next issue with more on the Surrey Union Hunt.

IT SEEMS Manuel Noriega, the deposed Panamanian dictator, put the time he spent at the Vatican embassy over Christmas to very good use.

American officials seeking to seize funds in British bank accounts that belong to Ol' Pineapple Face have been left scratching their heads as so far they have tracked down a mere £400,000 — chicken feed for the greatest drug dealer in the history of the world.

The reason Noriega took so long to leave his Vatican refuge was plainly that he was too busy on the phone shifting his loot to safe havens.

THE Isle of Man's Inspector Knacker has resurrected a law from 1848 to use against the regime's political opponents.

Just before Christmas the CID visited Transport & General Workers' Union official Bernard Moffat (see *Eyes passim*), who is also editor of the new *Manx Herald*, the first edition of which appeared only recently.

Mr Moffat was threatened with prosecution as his single-sheeted publication was unlicensed, apparently in contravention of the Manx Newspaper Act of 1848. What seems to have aroused the officers' ire was a promise in issue one that issue two would contain a story suggesting that, at the very least, police incompetence had allowed a drug smuggler to escape.

But Mr Moffat does have some cause to celebrate the island's judicial system, even if justice has to be imported. He has just had a conviction for drunken driving dismissed by appeal judge Alan Benet Hytner from the mainland's northern circuit.

Eye readers may recall how Moffat was seized inside his home and arrested by constables who alleged that they had seen him driving erratically. Even for the complaisant Manx courts, the police statements needed, and got, editing to secure the conviction.

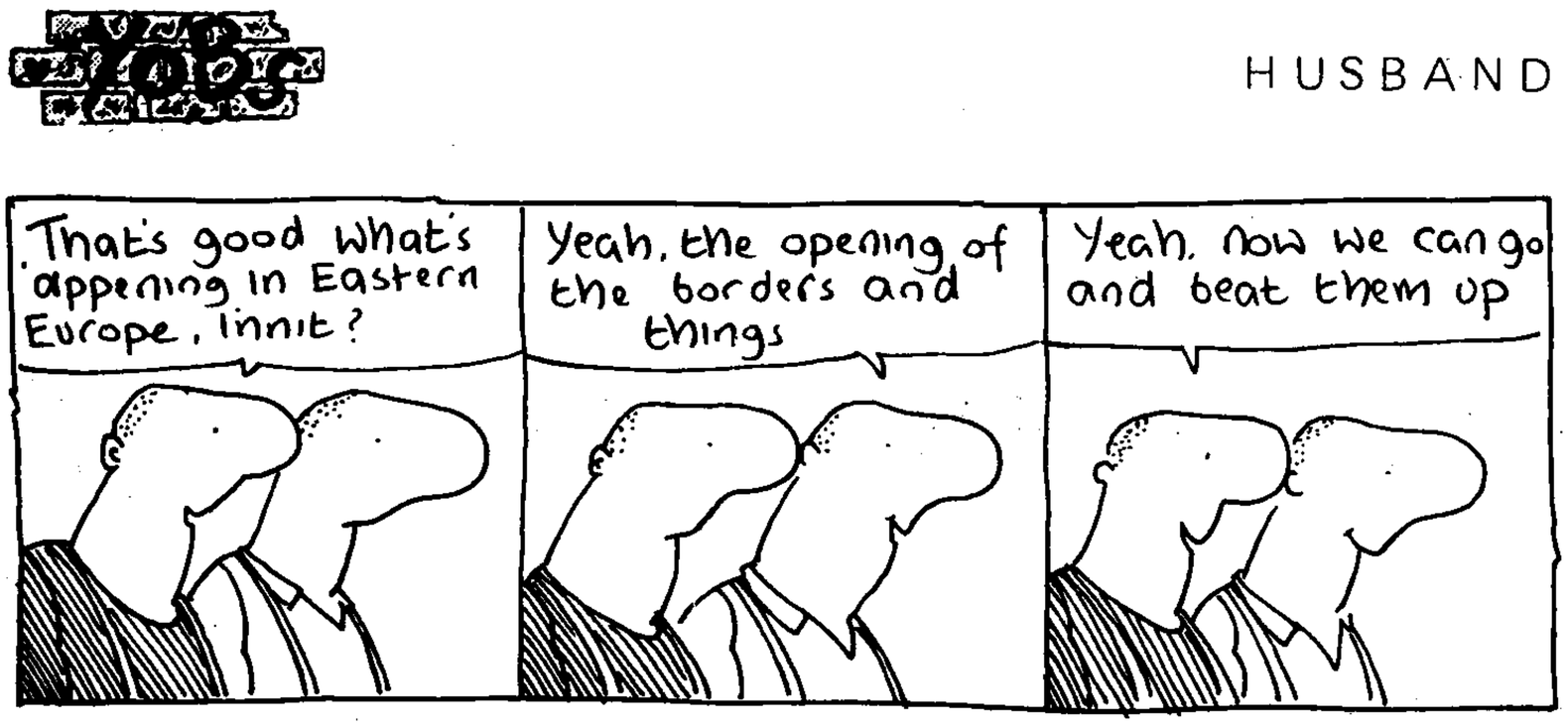
What with funny money, drugs and the behaviour of the police the island's degeneration into a banana republic seems well advanced.

FLUSHED with the success of their Namibian operation, ambitious United Nations officials are suggesting that the UN should run Cambodia for a year while organising elections there.

This of course will go down like a pork pie at a barmitzvah for the average Cambodian: after all, the UN still recognises the Khmer Rouge-dominated "government" in exile.

They might even recall how the UN in Namibia allowed Pretoria's answer to the Khmer Rouge, the Koevoet, to go on a shoot of Swapo members trying to surrender to UN forces. It was an operation marked by a very high dead-to- captured ratio.

As for administering a country, few will forget that a few years ago the World Government in Waiting's committee on administrative and budgetary questions spent many hours debating whether it was possible to have committees at all without a constant supply of pitchers of iced water to counter all the hot air. Unable to agree, they referred the earth-saving decision to the full general assembly of all 150 members of the UN.


HUSBAND
That's good What's 'appening in Eastern Europe, innit?
Yeah, the opening of the borders and things
Yeah, now we can go and beat them up

Letters

Ah sol

Sir,

Re "Fujitsu, what a scorcher" (Eye 731). Your readers might like to know the following concerning the alleged dumping of semiconductor memories in the mid 80s.

a) Japanese manufacturers already had the lion's share of the 64K DRAM market (60%+) when prices started to fall.

b) Well advanced in 256K technology, they had no need to deal a "death blow" to the American manufacturers, whom they were set to eclipse anyway.

c) The first recorded dumping prices came not from a Japanese company but from an American start-up called Micron Technology. The Japanese manufacturers had, at that time, a massive order book in place with an average selling price of about $3. Imagine how they felt when Micron started flooding the market with 64K DRAMS, produced on secondhand machinery, at $1.50! No Japanese MPs, however, stood up in the Diet and bleated about this because...

d) Technology-wise, the 64K DRAM bubble had long been set to burst anyway. The manufacturing techniques, as in the case of digital watches 18 months beforehand, had become so widely available and understood that it was only a matter of time before the pricing structure collapsed. If it hadn't been the Americans or Japanese, it would have been the Koreans or the Taiwanese.

The American TV industry was less destroyed by the Japanese ganging up on R.C.A., than on that company's torpor and ethnocentricity in neither developing new products nor overseas markets. (They had five year lead, too!)

Fujitsu's "unfair" business techniques – "a scorcher" says your correspondent. Well, old-bean, that says it all. Commerce as a cricket match. If the dagoes are winning, they must be cheating. What sort of a Boy's Own world are you living in, you wanker? The rules have changed since the days of the Raj. If you want to know what they are now, get your fag to toddle on down to nearest Toy shop and buy you a Mahjohn set.

Yours,
P.J. GODDARD,
Kingston-Upon-Thames.

Megabore

Sir,

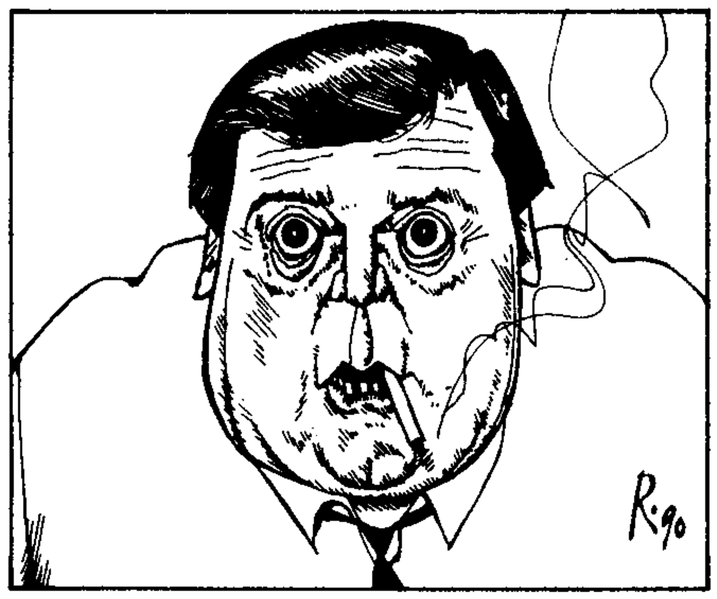
I wrote to you around a month ago praising Battersea Power Station's architecture and I did not refer to its former power generation capabilities. The letters that followed Mr Meakins' letter, concerning CHP (combined heat and power), could have misled your readers.

Battersea had three (yes, Mr Meakins, only three of the chimneys were used — four is more pure — modernist principles and all that... it really is app...) 60 MegaWatt electricity generating sets installed. But a bright spark in the LCC twisted the arm of Battersea's management until they put in a fourth, 20 MW (I think) CHP set to provide the heating for the then new housing development in Pimlico. The Electricity Board wanted to maintain autonomous control over a complex public utility (don't all civil servants). Even our Battersea was not a proper CHP station — you have to go to Scandinavia to find real ones.

CHP is essential for world conservation and it is a national scandal that this technology has not been developed in lieu of the proposed "London Disney Land". The CEGB's infamous goal of providing the cheapest possible electricity has added to acid rain, global warming, and the cross-channel, cheap, French-generated, nuclear electricity buying/burning scheme (privatised PowerGen, NatPower etc ad hoc). Electricity generation is probably the biggest single energy user in our country — if we doubled its efficiency by using the waste heat we could all turn off our poisonous domestic gas boilers. "Burning Greener"? Humbug!

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS WORSTER,
Southampton.

Anagram



Sir,

A Government mole has informed me that MISTER KENNETH CLARKE is actually a coded memo to fellow Cabinet Ministers. I am sure your readers will be greatly reassured by its inherent idealism: RE NHS, LET ME KNACKER IT.

Yours on the waiting list for an Army ambulance,

TIM HOPKINS,
Luton, Beds.

Nit Pickering

Sir,

I send this to you as the first snowdrops are peeping through on my roof garden when, if your allegations about my attempting to murder my publishers with broken bottles of Jack Daniels and generally leaving a trail of fractured bones and abused mistresses across London were half true, I should be languishing in D Wing of Wormwood Scrubs prison. No doubt if some wan-faced young man in the Groucho Club gives the nod I will be accused of being responsible for the massacres in Peking, the shortages in Romania, the depletion of the ozone layer and the present nasty chill experienced by Her Royal Highness the Queen Mother.

By now my editor should have written a second epistle to you on the infamous "bottling" incident, which does warrant apology. I should add that I am phobic about two things, broken glass and bumble bees, which somehow does not tally with your more robust characterisation of me as Alex in A Clockwork Orange. When I rang one of the sources of your last story he admitted that I did not call the excellent D.J. Taylor, scourge of the Ovalteeny School of Novelist, a cunt. In fact D.J. Taylor did not review my novel, The Blue Gate of Babylon. It was sent to the much sterner Martin Seymour-Smith who gave the book an excellent notice; as indeed it received in the New York Times before Christmas. The suggestion, if I have you right, that I knee literary editors in the groin to put them in a charitable mood so they will procure good reviews for me is rather an odd one. I fear such action might just be taking black comedy a little too far.

What intrigued me most was, however, "the third party who called police to the house" in your "mistress" allegations. Who is this person? Presumably some rusting, unexploded mistress who has slipped down the back of the settee with the Dinky Toys and old theatre tickets. Also, I don't know if you have noticed but "third parties" and other spectators are not usually that thick on the ground in one-to-one mistress situations, where surely the object is to discuss the business in hand uninterrupted. But then, on this and many other matters the present Fatwa that the Eye has declared against me goes well beyond logic and commonsense.

Have you ever wondered, amid all this alleged sex and violence, when I find time to write?

Love and kisses,
PAUL PICKERING,
London, W11

Trial and error

Sir,

Like your correspondent Mr Ostap Bender (Eye 731) I have a strong sympathy for the Cossacks and Yugoslavs who were sent back to their deaths at the end of WW2. However, unlike him, I think that your satirical article on the final stages of the Aldington trial should be commended, not condemned.

It brilliantly illustrated the point that the summing up at the trial by the presiding judge, Mr Justice Michael Davies, was extraordinarily biased and unfair. Hitting just the right targets, the article's satire had an ominously truthful ring about it as a comment on the trial.

The tragedy of the whole Aldington-Tolstoy episode is that few seem to have realised that the court case was handled unfairly to an almost ridiculous degree. Your article should have been read by all those who erroneously imagine that justice, or anything even remotely resembling justice, was achieved by the trial's verdict.

Yours faithfully,
ALAN HOBSON,
Leeds.

Lookalike

Ceausescu **Freddy**

Sir,

Has anyone noticed the remarkable resemblance between the late Nikolae "Dracula" Ceausescu, formerly President of Domania, and Freddy Kruger, star of the Nightmare on Elm Street series of feature films? Are they, by any chance, reed, and have we really seen the last of Ceausescu?

Yours etc,
PAUL BIRKETT,
Coventry.

PS: You may be interested to note that the letters of PRESIDENT NIKOLAE CEAUSESCU can be rearranged to make SEE SPOUSE IN DRACULA NECKTIE.

Smear test

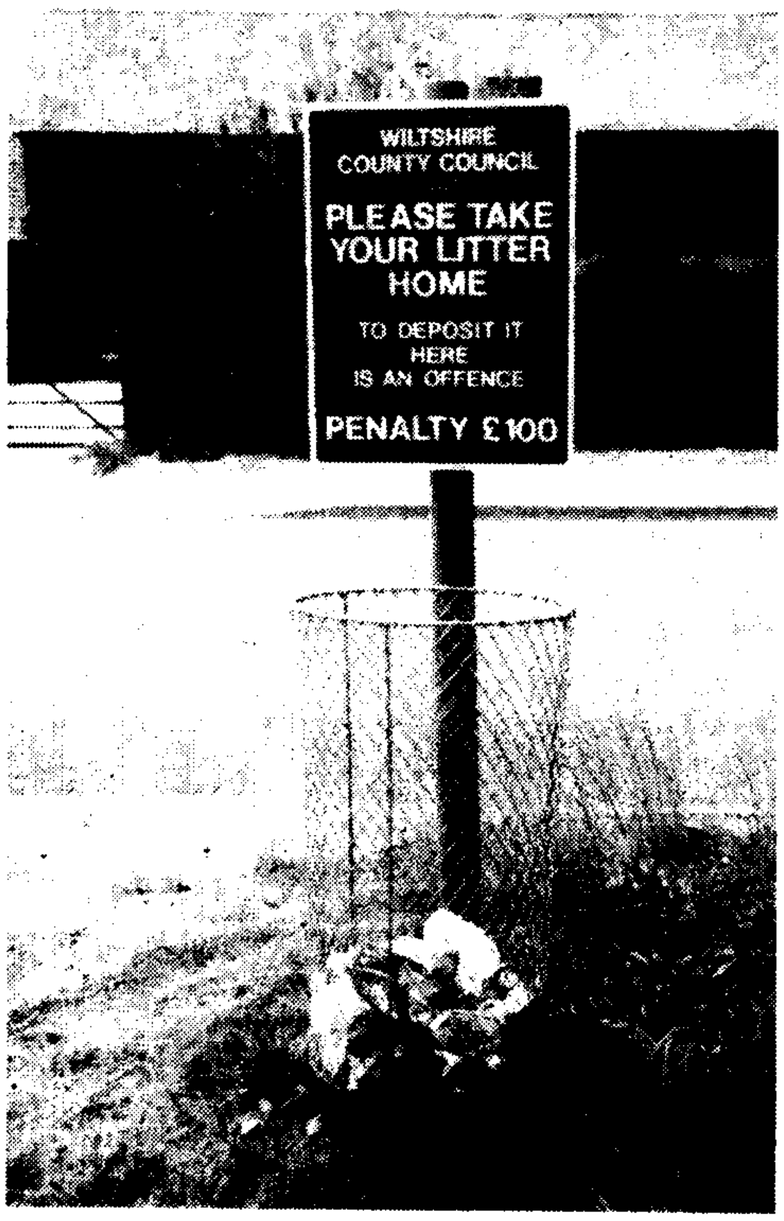
Sir,

In your piece about Nigel Lawson (Eye 730) you allude to MI5's smear with the titillating clue that "this time they have placed the venue in Holland". Presumably we are supposed to know of their smear on Sir Leon Brittan and deduce the rest. Those of us who do not share your sources rely on your organ to fearlessly print what is being circulated, with the background, and leave us to decide how clumsy, incredible or anti-semitic it is. Of course there is the risk that publishing it may lend credence, but not to is censorship; and when compared to other instances where smears are published, can indicate partiality — not something the Eye has gone in for in the past. I hope it will not start now.

A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Decadence to one and all.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL RUDDY,
Levens, France.

I-SPY



Submitted by John Castleford. £10 paid for similar submissions *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Marsh mellow

Sir,

Old Muck should check his facts on Essex and not lapse from his usual admirable standards. The rusty oil refinery would be rebuilt as "business park" and housing, not a Marshland Park if de Savory [sic] gets his way. The real marshland area — old irregular fields "inned" from the saltmarshes and fairly rare in Essex today, would be reduced by about two fifths in area. The sacrifice would make the scheme viable in commercial terms.

Why not leave it as it is? David Bellamy thinks "no" and that bureaucrats lack understanding. But perhaps he knows the developers a little better than the bureaucrats and of course shares their concern for the environment.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HUNTER,

Thaxted, Essex.

O'Casey history

Sir,

In your attempt to take the Mickey out of the Sunday Express, you overlook one thing. Sean O'Casey was a Stalinist, and a very hardline one at that. It is the greatest joke that the Sunday Express should quote such an admirer of Uncle Joe in order to make a point about Romania.

Douglas ("I Believed") Hyde, Malcolm ("Tread Softly For You Tread On My Jokes") Muggeridge and David ("The Fellow Travellers") Caute can all testify to that. He quarrelled briefly with his son over the Soviet invasions of Hungary in 1956. Had he lived, he would certainly have applauded the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the invasion of Afghanistan and the suppression of Solidarity.

He may well have been an Irish Republican, but that didn't stop him from living comfortably in the Devonshire countryside, did it?

Yours etc,
T.B.L. CARTER,

Somerton, Somerset.

The mud pack

Sir,

Once again you've got it wrong. This time regarding your smutty little insinuations over Peter Archer's appointment as ombudsman for the Mirror Group's London-based papers. (Eye 22 Dec, page 7).

Merely mud-slinging and hoping a small amount will stick is not a technique well employed against one with such an unusually impeccable public career behind him.

Ask anyone in Parliament, of whatever persuasion, and you'll realise your character assessments sometimes go awry.

Yours sincerely,
CARALYN SMITH,

London NW2.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Mason has won none of his fights within the first round, and this isn't one of them..."
HARRY CARPENTER, BBC1
(Tim Smith)

"You say you've hit some dodgy ground. Exactly what does that mean in layman's terms?"
GUY MICHELMORE, BBC1
(Roman Szwaba)

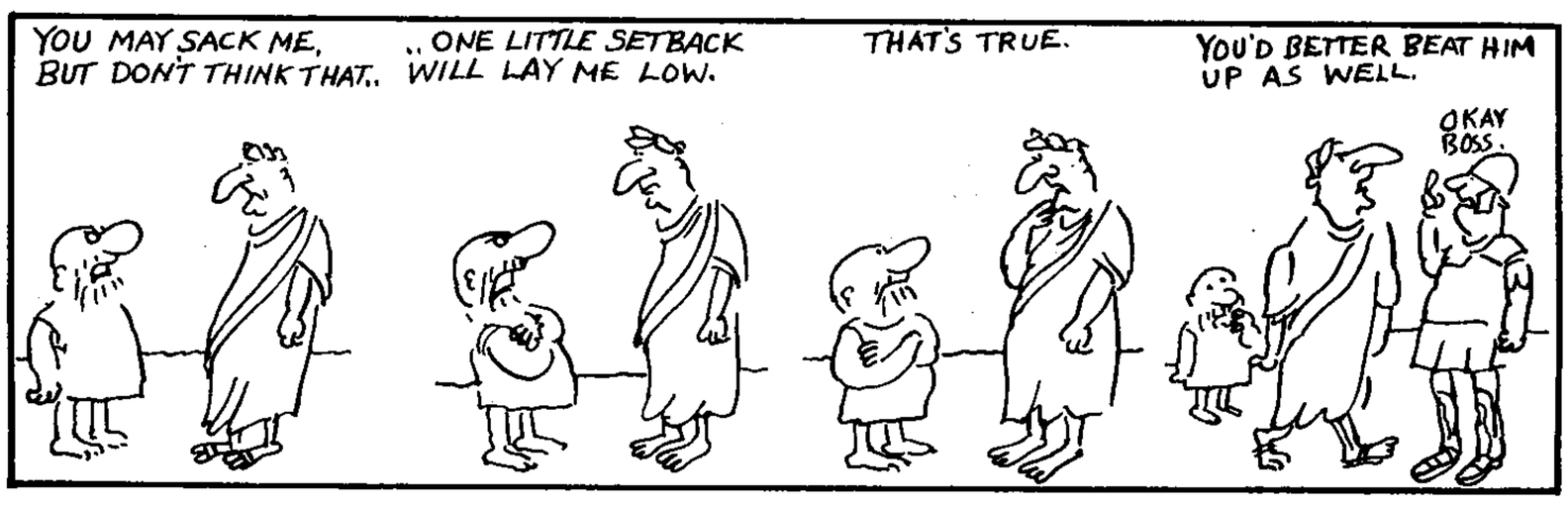
"The two super-powers cannot divide the world into their oyster."
MICHAEL HESELTINE, Radio 4
(Dave Gelly)

"Robson's lack of inspiration has been the cornerstone of United's weakness"
BRIAN MOORE, ITV
(David Stoker)

"We didn't expect to be top, and that's a fact. But football's not about facts, it's about what happens."
DAVE BASSETT, BBC1
(Jim Curran)

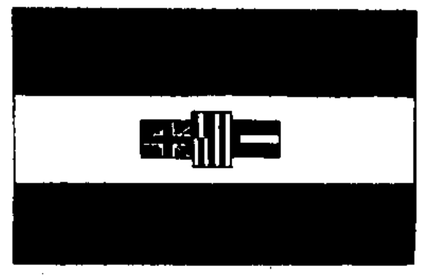
HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from Johannesburg

from Our Own Correspondent



THE imminent release of Nelson Mandela has brought South Africa back into sharp focus and for the first time in many years there is a widespread mood of optimism: protest marches are condoned; long-term detainees have been released; beaches are open; South West Africa is history and so is PW Botha and his infamous securocracy. Even more important, this summer we get to see Mike Gatting and his well-paid circus being thumped by the Springboks.

But beneath all the hype, thinking South Africans know things are not what they seem. Indeed, there has been considerable opposition whispering — in both "radical" and conservative circles — that Mandela has struck a deal with government.

It is said that he was offered unconditional release at least 12 months ago, but opted for comfortable accommodation in a three-bedroomed prison warder's home in the Paarl winelands, complete with unrestricted use of fax (paid by himself), a swimming pool, television, radio and (it is suspected) black domestic help.

He is able to receive a stream of visitors, many of whom have been highly-placed government people. He went to tea with the neo-gothic PW Botha and has met President De Klerk, apparently to "reaffirm his belief in negotiations". News of these contacts first astonished, then confused and angered leaders of the Mass Democratic Movement, effectively the African National Congress's internal wing and fifth column.

Mandela must recognise that he was far more use to the ANC behind bars, a living martyr and symbol in the struggle. Now that he is to be released, some of his one-time supporters and publicists are gently suggesting that he is either too old or out-of-touch to assume an "active" leadership position.

ANC people privately remind us that Mandela has *never* held a national executive position in the organisation and was only Transvaal chairman at the time of his arrest. The articulate and ambitious miners' union supremo, Cyril Ramaphosa, has even said "he is just another ANC leader", an unthinkably disloyal comment. Moreover, it was reported by the ANC news agency only this week that "the ANC is *not* earmarking any special post for Mandela".

The prospect of Mandela's release has further exposed the disunity in black nationalist circles. Mandela is said to be deeply suspicious of the growing influence of militant and dogmatic Africanists, both within the ANC and without, who reject negotiation or any sort of accommodation with the hated Boers.

The ideological blood-letting between these groups, which has received little coverage abroad, has been raging for years: statistics are hard to establish, but of the 5,000 people killed in political violence since 1980, only some 1,200 were killed by "white" security forces. The balance have died in Black Consciousness and Inkatha ideological feuds with ANC-supporters like the MDM and the UDF.

The wily Mandela knows prospects for a classic revolution here are nil. He also knows that thanks to gold, the Israelis, the Portuguese, the Taiwanese, the British Tories (and most of trade-hungry black Africa), sanctions are not working. Moreover, he recognises that throughout the world, dogma is out and liberal democracy is in.

Having established his own power-base, Mandela may turn against the militant hardliners using the very prestige and mystique that they created for him.

And lest we forget he has an errant, excessively vitriolic and independently ambitious wife to bring back into line after her personal bodyguard of bullyboys (the so-called Mandela United FC) disgraced the family with their brutal murders, robberies and other strongarm stuff, in Orlando West (Soweto) last year.

Most people here are endorsing the view expressed in South Africa's newest piece of graffiti which reads: "Swop Nelson for Winnie".

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

Did you see the Boss on the box with that smarmy Leprechaun Wogan? It all came about because last time the Commies at the BBC sent round Dimbleby to do the interview and he was so bloody rude and wouldn't allow her to finish her speeches that they lodged a formal complaint with Pegleg Hussey the Chairman threatening him with privatisation unless he made amends. The result was a special 40-minute prime-time love-in with Wogan, questions submitted in advance, all the top brass in the hospitality room rubbing their hands and grovelling.

I thought it was fairly nauseating myself especially when he asked her (to cue) what her most worrying moment had been and she launched into the old Falklands routine for the 497th time. You may have noticed too how yours truly's name was taken in vain purely for the sake of comic relief. Apparently whenever DT was mentioned some little monkey held up a board in front of the audience with LAUGH on it, the Boss joining in the fun and making out that I was some kind of loveable old relic like the Elephant Man whose antics over the years had endeared him to the entire nation.

We had hardly unpacked our overnight bags following the New Year Winter-Break at Chequers when little Fowler rang saying he had something very urgent to confide. To be frank I'd never really taken him on board as a bona fide human being. He reminded me of that accountant friend of Maurice's in the velvet-collared overcoat who was always in attendance when we tried to wind up the double-glazing factory. Perfectly inoffensive but no one ever even knew what his name was.

Anyway, Fowler came in looking very tense saying he would rather speak to Margaret alone if that was alright. "Don't be silly, Norman!" the Boss rapped, plainly sensing that something ominous was in the offing. "Denis is one of us." At this, tears came into Fowler's eyes and he began to pour out a flood of guff about how he had served the Boss faithfully ever since he could remember and he never had any thanks though he did not expect it, it was enough for him to serve. "Come to the point, Fowler," the boss interpolated, drumming her fingers impatiently on the scrambler telephone, "there is work to be done."

This seemed only to intensify poor Fowler's emotions and mopping his eyes with a blue silk handkerchief he extracted a rather tattered photograph from his wallet. "Look, Prime Minister," he sobbed. "These are my two little girls, Sabena and Ramona. Do you know when I last had time to take them on my knee and read them a bedtime story from Old Mother Goose?"

The Boss seemed to think that some reference to herself was being made, for her eyes glinted with resentment. "I have never listened to such sentimental nonsense. Ever!" she snapped. "You have been given plenty of time to devote to your family. We all of us have. Look at me, I work much, much harder than all of you men put together, but you do not hear Denis complaining that he is neglected. Do you, Denis? Denis! I am asking you a question."

"No, no, of course not, dear," I replied, passing poor Fowler a shot of the electric soup which he gratefully gulped back.

"Denis and I see a great deal of each other," she persevered "and always, regularly at 12.30 every night, we compare notes on what has transpired during the day. I commend this practice to you and your wife." But poor Fowler had had enough. "I resign, I resign!" he cried. "I am at breaking point. "Cynthia is threatening a divorce. You can stuff your red boxes!" With this he stormed out, knocking over my glass and splashing its priceless contents all over the wall to wall.

"Some of them cannot stand the pace," said the Boss firmly, after the dust had settled. "It is better for them to go before they finally crack. Luckily that will not happen in my case. I have been given extra strength for the task ahead."

Munster's coup meanwhile gains momentum. He never forgave Margaret for passing him over in favour of Young during the big election shindig when there was all that trouble about which ad agency to use. His ploy is to come on strong as Son of Enoch, uttering dire warnings about the Yellow Peril from Hong Kong swamping our green and pleasant land. A whole lot of the less civilised backbenchers have now rallied to his banner, so they've sent out greaser Hurd to reassure the Chinks and make sure that not too many of them apply for visas. (Though as a matter of fact a lot of these Chinese chaps have settled in very well over here, witness our good caretaker at Chequers, Mr Wu.)

I'm sorry you weren't able to join us for Maurice's New Year celebrations at the Ramada Dirty Duck. Quite a lot of people cried off at the last moment, leaving me, Maurice, Maurice's new dry cleaning lady and Tubby Hotchkiss to spread ourselves in the Mountbatten Ballroom, which Maurice had optimistically reserved for the occasion. Tubby as you probably know is confined to a wheelchair nowadays and makes if anything less sense than he did when he was still walking about. Maurice's lady complained of swollen ankles that she thinks are brought on by the greenhouse effect, and Maurice was affected by a rare twinge of conscience about having booked the ballroom on the Major's American Express card the week before while he was in the Gents'.

Yours apoplectically,

Denis

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

"MIKE Bennett is a first-class goalkeeper," said Mr Jeff Davies, manager of the St Phillips football team, "so I decided to say nothing when the Old Georgians' striker fired one off and Mike let it go straight past his ear and into our net without the smallest move. But when he let the OG's goalie put in a second from as far away as his own penalty box, I went over to have a word with Mike and discovered that he had frozen stiff in an upright position — 'immobilised by hail and frost' as the doctor said — and we had to carry him into the dressing room like a dummy."

"OF COURSE I accepted when Mr Farid Gergis of Alexandria offered to fly me out to Egypt to make 50 metal floats for his trade fair. The job was to take a month, but after 10 days no one had turned up at the construction site. Then 40 chaps turned up, all good people and very willing, but none of them had worked with metal or spoke any English.

"So we reduced the number of floats to one — for Air Egypt to celebrate the delivery of five brand-new 747s — and managed to knock it up out of bamboo and carpet. The idea was to take the 'Skyways Our Highways' float on a 1000km tour from Cairo to Gaza, but the float damaged so many trees and telephone cables that the tour was postponed for ten days. Then it was discovered that President Mubaran was to tour the area at the same time, so it was put off for another ten days. Then the transport facility failed to get me from my beach house to the float repair site, so Farid cancelled the whole thing for a year. But everyone was so jolly that I, a 60-year-old village blacksmith, would not have missed it for the world."

THE HOSTILITY felt by the Labour members of Abington Park council for their Conservative partners reached boiling point after Councillor Ray Morgan (Cons.) said that the turds scattered over the local pavements were produced by Labour pet owners' dogs.

"There will be a backlash," said Councillor Geoffrey Howe (Lab.). "It is a typical Tory move to blame working-class dogs."

MR A.G. HASSAN, president of the Nigerian Butchers Union, has asked the government to stop the garrison at Ikpoba buying and slaughtering herds as they move south, only to sell the meat from the backs of lorries at an 85 per cent discount, thus preventing the Benin Butchers Association "earning a crust".

A government spokesman said: "We have begged the butchers to show patience with the gallant soldiers."

But Colonel B.T. N'dola said: "It is all lies. And if they do not shut up I will have several of them shot."

"EVERYONE enjoys the right to reply, especially on important issues," said Mr Peter Johnson, "so I made a point of using the Yorkshire Television phone-in facility to comment on the injury rate to our fast bowlers. However, when I dialled the special number as advertised on YTV, all I got was a recorded message from 'Barbara' encouraging sufferers from premature ejaculation to try again."

DURING his interview, Mr Satchroniall Lall of Gelenggang Budaya said: "I was chosen to be one of those to bear the ceremonial torch which was to light the South East Asian Games eternal flame. We stood at our appointed spot, Secretary of State Datuk Kamarazzamam Shariff being of our number. When the previous leg's 100 runners came into sight we raised a mighty cheer, but suddenly it became obvious that those miscreants were not going to surrender the torch to us for the important last leg. 'Our wives are watching!' they shouted as they ran past.

"In the confusion, the flame went out. A terrible moment. But when we tried to relight it, they insisted on doing it themselves. The torch was relit, but the man who lent them his lighter never saw it again."

INFORMATION: Western Mail 9.11.89; Spalding Guardian 3.11.89; Northants Herald & Post 9.11.89; Nigerian Tribune 23.9.89; Yorkshire Post 16.11.89; New Straits Times 14.8.89.

MONITORS: Anthony Comerford, Rex Needle, Brian L. Dee, Stuart PArton, John Simmons, R.P. Evans.

BIG MACCA

(Continued from Page One) and John came round and we just played all these Buddy Holly songs and did the ooh-ooh-ooh bits."

He runs his thumb lightly over the strings (left-handed, of course) and hums: "She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah." The tone is half-mocking, half apologetic. But unmistakably his.

And that smile. He was always the pretty one but the years have been kind to him. The face is perhaps a bit more gaunt, perhaps a bit more lived in. But unmistakably his.

It's hard to believe that he has not been on tour for 13 years. Or that this is the first time he has felt sufficiently comfortable to sing the old Beatles classics live. The effect is electrifying, stunning but unmistakably... *Yesterday... Band on the Run...* Linda... too old for this... *Abbey Road*... years roll back... very private man... Linda... She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah... John came round... Buddy Holly... Ooh-ooh-ooh bits... Is this enough?

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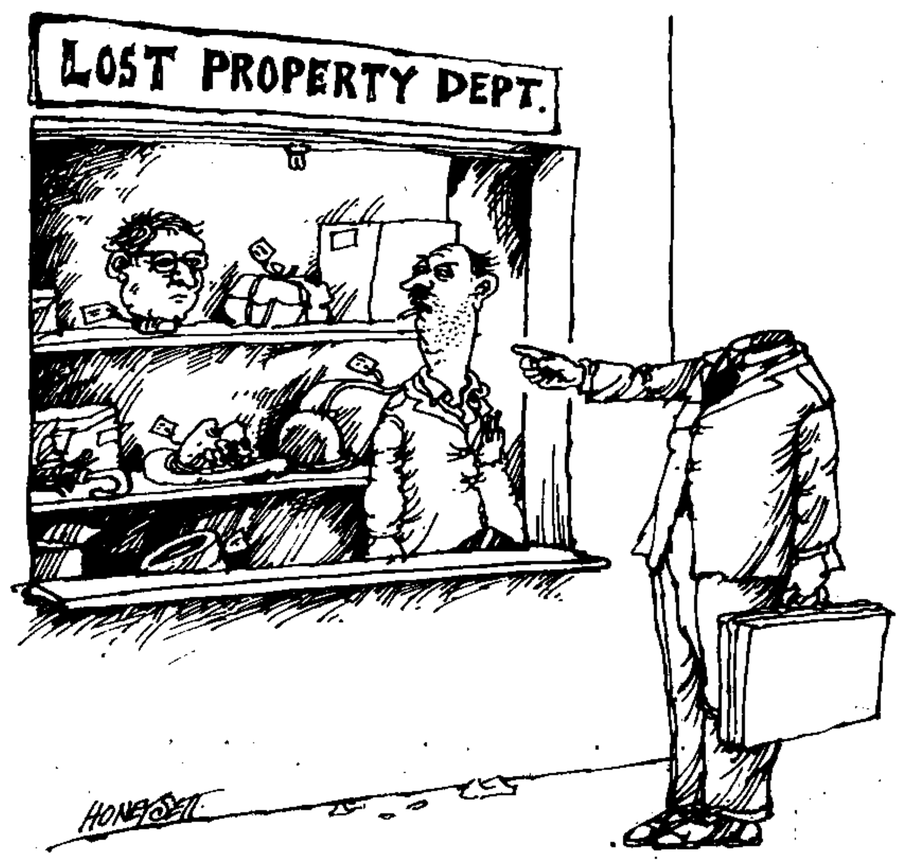


RICHARD RANTZEN

ESTHER BRANSON

WE the undersigned are all very famous respected and caring parents. We are outraged that very few of us are in the paper as often as we would like. So we have taken this full page advert to say "Hello, fans, we're still here." This week our worthy cause is **Tobacco Toddlers in Peril**.

Did you know that the merchants of death, the nicotine pushers and cigarette barons are enticing our tiny kiddies into a life of unspeakable hell?

PaTronising gits

No. Nor did we, but Esther rang us up and said that she was launching a new secret police force to help bring an end to the abuse and exploitation of our children by the murderers on the street corner. For that is what they are, nothing more nor less.

Join with us and report your tobacconist today. Use your child as an *agent provocateur*. Kit out Darren and Tracy with concealed tape recorders and put Mr Patel behind bars where he belongs! If this fails, burn down the shop!

Make no mistake! We are very important people indeed.

ISSUED BY

JANE ASH
JACK ASH
LYNN FAULDS-WOODBINE
DAVID PUFFNAM
DR MIRIAM STOPPIT
THE DUKE OF MARLBORO
and
FUCKING DAVE ALLEN
(*Shome mishtake shurely?*)

PRAT

IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE RANTZEN SECURITATE AND DES WILSON'S TODDLER TECS.

'No shoot-to-kill policy' claims spokesman

by Our Crime Staff
Ron Kneecap

Dateline Los Angeles: Thursday

"There is no shoot-to-kill policy being operated on the streets of this town," said Inspector Harry "Dirty Harry" Callaghan of the LAPD, the man in charge of security in this notoriously violent community.

"There are clear guidelines which are rigorously enforced whenever we want to blow someone away," claimed the taciturn lawman.

"As soon as I open fire I shout a warning, using the approved words: 'Go on, Paddy, make my day!' "

Mr Eastwood is 62.

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
CAPTAIN KLARK OF THE STARSHIP FREE ENTERPRISE WAS IN DESPERATE STRAITS. . . .
I CANNA HOLD HER, CAPTAIN. SHE'S GONNA BLOW!
THE SHIP?
NO. THE MAGGON!
I'M OFFERING NO MORE MONEY SPREAD OUT OVER TWENTY YEARS.
THAT'S ILLOGICAL, CAPTAIN.
I KNOW, BUT I DO WHAT THE MAGGON TELLS ME.
AMBULANCE
THERE WAS NO RESPITE FOR THE DOOMED VENUSIAN ARCH-FIEND. ANOTHER OF HER SERVILE FACTOTA GAVE UP TRYING TO OBEY HER WHIMS. . . .
I RESIGN FROM EMPLOYMENT.
IT'S THE FIRST JOB HE'S EVER CREATED!
I'VE HAD NO DISAGREEMENTS WITH THE MAGGON, WE BOTH AGREED I'M WASHED UP.
I WANT TO SEE MY KIDS GROW UP AND GET JOBS.
NO WONDER YOU RESIGNED.
IT'S USELESS, CAPTAIN. THEY JUST WON'T LET THEIR DEMANDS GO.
WELL, KEN, UNFORTUNATELY WE'RE DEALING WITH PEOPLE WHO ARE GOOD AT KEEPING THINGS ALIVE.
NONSENSE! THEY'RE JUST PROFESSIONAL DRIVERS.
TRUE. THEY'LL DRIVE US OUT.
DAMN CLINGONS!
MR. CHEQUENDTGONOV
AHEAD TWERP FACTOR 6·5!
MEANWHILE, ROBOFLOP THE HALF-MAN, HALF-MACHINE, HALF-BAKED TOOL OF THE MAGGON, WAS FOULING UP AGAIN IN GALACTIC TRANSPORT...
DELAY CANCELLED
HERE'S THE MAGGON'S LINE — THERE AREN'T ANY!
OH NO! SHE'S GONE OFF THE RAILS!
SHE NEVER LIKED THEM ANYWAY.
CE C- IL
IT'S THE STOPPING TRAIN!
BY THE DELAYED 7.27 FROM BASINGSTOKE!
MEANWHILE, ON ROSE-1...
THIS WHOLE THING IS VERY EMBARRASSING.
WHAT? SAUCY SPACEMAN RON'S ROLLICKIN' RAMPAGE?
NO. YOU MOUTHIN' OFF ABOUT ABOLISHING THE TIME LORDS.
DON'T GET YOUR KNICKERS IN A TWIST.
I CAN'T, THEY'RE IN RON'S POCKET!

That Bastard Knight

PROFILE

ANDREW KNIGHT

NOW that he is gone the truth can at last be told about Andrew Knight, the man who used to be in charge here until last week. He was really awful. Quite ghastly. Very common. None of us liked him at all! And now he's gone off to [illegible] for Murdoch, with his thirty pieces of silver in his pocket — or should we say 30 million?

Andrew Judas Quisling Knight was born in 1941, the son of some kind of tradesman. No one seems to know much about his early life, which was quite undistinguished. But the one thing friends remember is how he always sucked up to people more important than himself. This is how he got on in the world. Says one close friend "Andrew is a sycophantic little creep — that's how he got on in the world."

Eventually by sucking up to enough rich and influential people, Knight became editor of the *Economist*. He himself likes to boast that he doubled the circulation, but actually no one read it when he was editor because it was so vulgar and common.

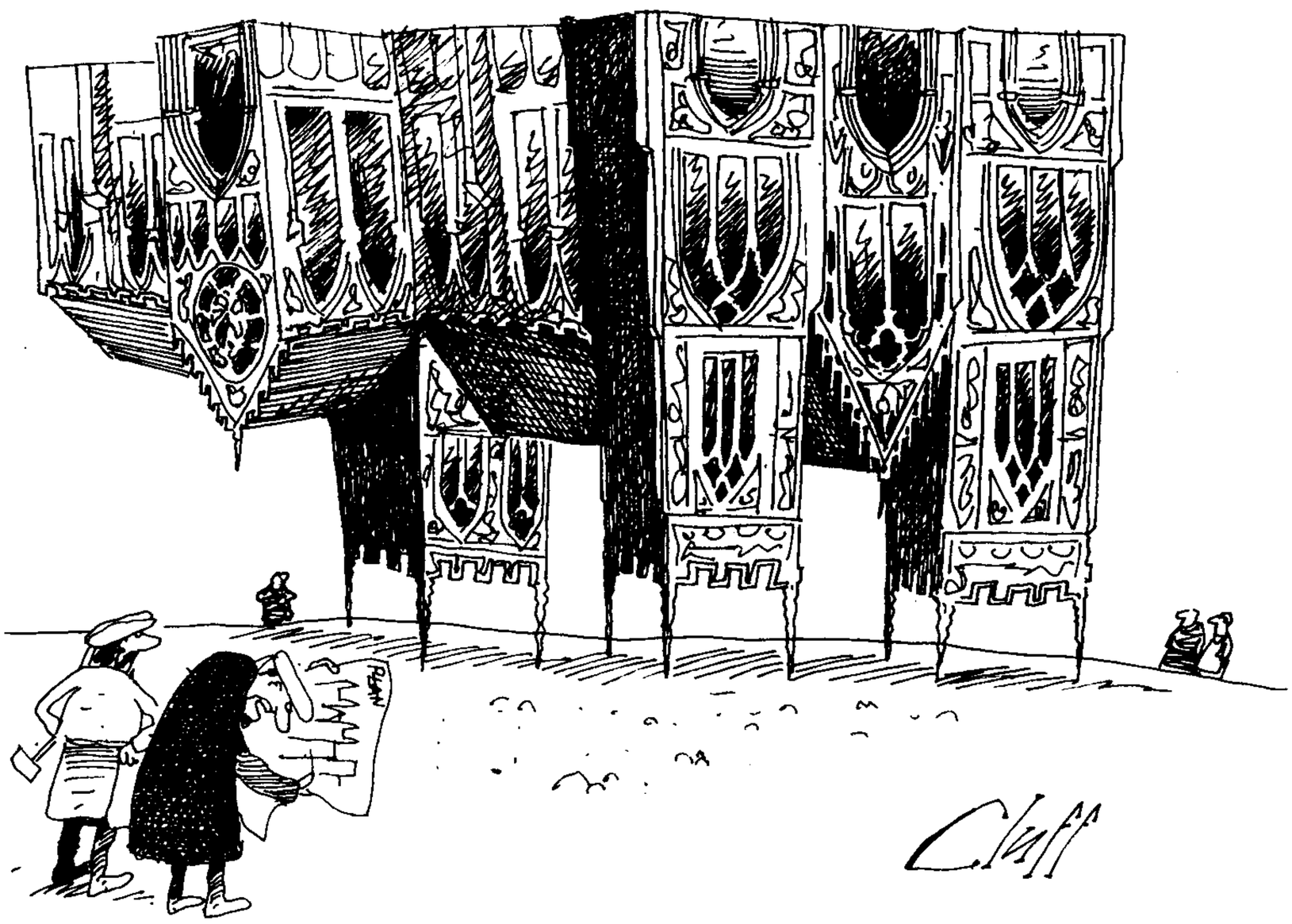
Then came his big break, when he met one of the greatest men of our times, the Canadian-born genius and entrepreneur, Mr Conrad Blackadder. Blackadder is intensely shrewd, and a brilliant judge of human nature. But it is a tribute to Knight's sheer deviousness that he was able to deceive Blackadder into making him chief executive of the *Telegraph*.

The rest is history. How on a cold, grey February morning in 1989, Knight invited Peregrine Worsthorne to breakfast and, while he filled his mouth with kedgeree, he brutally sacked him. Tears coursed down Worsthorne's grizzled cheeks. Had he not faithfully served the *Telegraph*, man and boy, for 40 years? But Knight merely laughed — a cruel, callous, heartless kind of laugh that instantly turned the cup of coffee on the table in front of him to a mass of icicles.

However, in making this objective analysis of Knight's character, it would be quite wrong to dwell just on one isolated instance of his loathsome and repulsive character. There have been many such incidents. One I particularly remember was at a party given by Lord King when Knight was desperately trying to ingratiate himself with Lord Young. "I'm Andrew Knight," he said — to which Lord Young made the devastating reply "I'm Lord Young." One of my colleagues has another story concerning Knight's pathetic social climbing. At a luncheon at Boodle's Max admitted that he had never met Conrad Blackadder. "That's OK," said Knight airily, "I'll introduce you sometime." But he never did.

That's why the *Telegraph* says: "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

Edited by Peregrine Worsthorne, with additional research by Frank Johnson, Max Hastings, Geoffrey Wheatcroft and Conrad Blackadder.



"You know, I think you're right"

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam Terry-Thomas, Old Ardinian and Comedy Star

So. Farewell
Then
Terry-Thomas.

With your
Hyphen, your
Gap teeth and
Cigarette holder

You were
The quintessential
Cad.

"Absolute shower."
Yes, that was
Your catchphrase.

"How do you
Do?"
That was another.

"Good show."
That was yet
Another.

Which reminds me.

I must
Video
Those Magnificent Men
In Their
Flying Machines

When they
Put it
On.

Eric-Thribb (17½)

Editor's Note: In Mr Thribb's recent poem, *In Memoriam Lee Van Cleef*, Mr Van Cleef's name was inadvertently spelt with a "K". Mr Thribb apologises and explains that he must have been thinking of his friend, Lee Van Keith.

St Cake's School

Chunnel Term opened today. There are 12 boys and 4,317 girls in the school. D.I.Y. Booth-Clibborn (Fowler's) is Chandler of the Long Board. Miss Kylie de Zulveta (Warnock's) is Head of Scrubbers. The Rev. E.S.P. Crotch, has been replaced as Head of Religious Studies by His Holiness Shri Bagwash Hatterjee (formerly A.R.P. Moulsdaile O.C.). Mr Hendrik van Oranjeboom is appointed as Director of the new Euro-Studies Department. Blackeyes will be held on Potter's Turf on 24 February. There will be a performance of *Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell* in the Dame Emma Thompson Theatre Workshop on 10 March. The Aldington Lecture will be given by Count Nikolai Tolstoy on 11 March in the Master's Cloister (silver collection). The Ernest Saunders Business Studies Scholarship has been won this year by Kevin Carter-Ruck (Rampton's). Homers will be taken on 18 March. The O.C. Lodge (West Midlands No. 3472) will hold its annual dinner in the Branson Suite of the Hospitality Inn, Walsall (M79, Junction 7). The Grand Pineapple of the Imperial Arch (Mr P.F. Pentel, 1934-36) will preside, assisted by the Grand Knight of the Golden Napkin (Mr J.D. Cashcard, 1956-61). Tickets from the Bursar, Maj. N.F. Noriega, c/o Bursar's Lodge.

NB: The School will be closed for a week from 1 April for the 24th Annual Marketing Seminar of the Neasden Providential and Clerical Assurance Union insurance company.

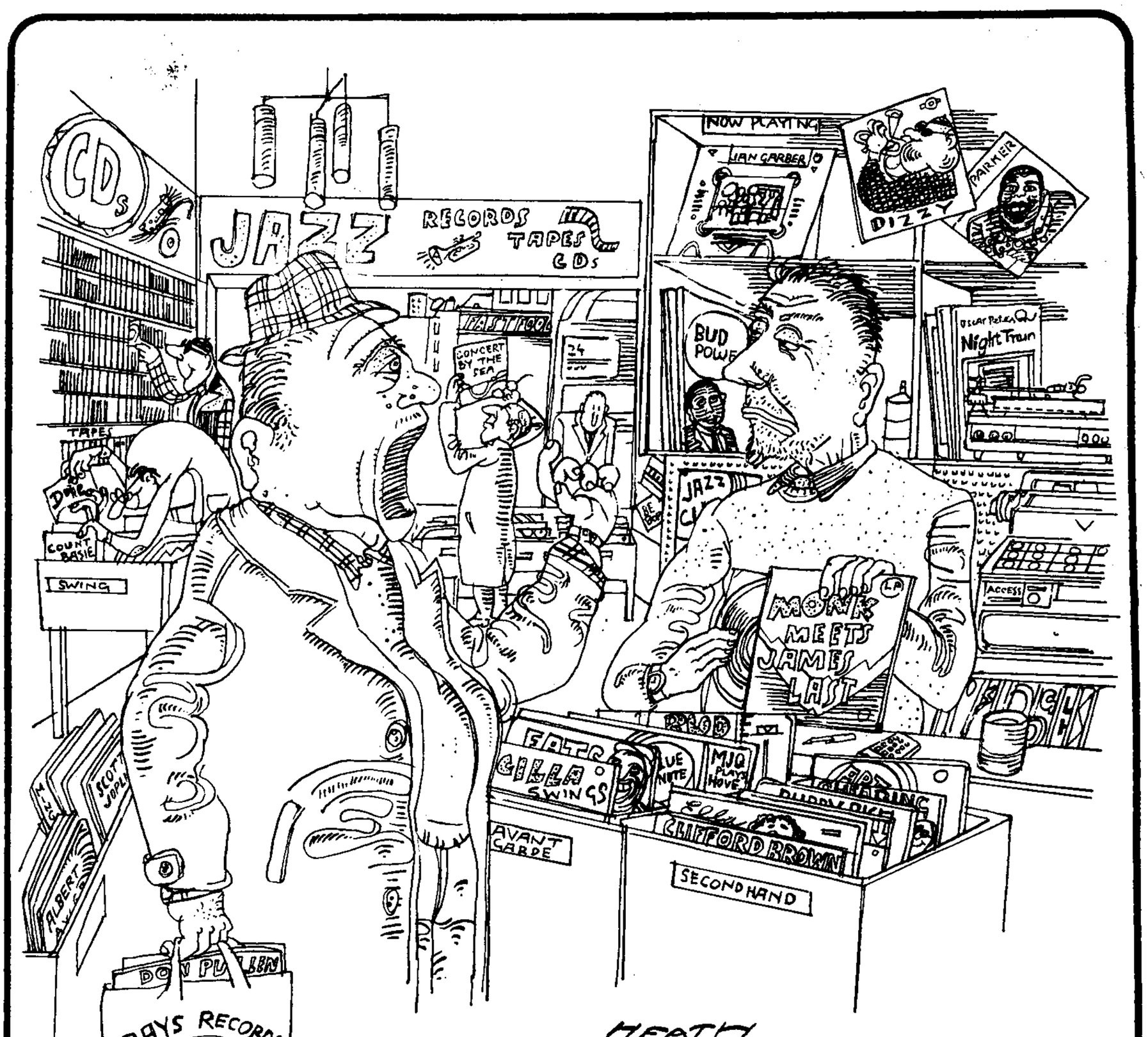
MAGGIE SOLDI

An autographed photo of Margaret Thatcher fetched £1.60 at a school auction sale in Oyne, Aberdeenshire. A box of haddock raised £8.

Sunday Mail

5.20 THE CLOT SHOW: Fashion programme this week features a glimpse inside the wardrobes of the late Duchess of Windsor, and the Fabric of the Nation exhibition in Edinburgh.

Today



Great Bores Of Today

"...I've junked my CD now I had the lot top of the range but for jazz forget it I mean there's no feel to it technically it's magnificent but so what? you lose all the atmosphere I like to have a cardboard album cover in my hand with proper liner notes that you can read without a magnifying glass those early Bluenote US import covers designed by David Stone Martin I mean they are works of art in their own right who cares if there are a few scratches here and there? it's all part of the experience I mean my first record was an old 78 played on a windup I can remember now coming back from the shop with just a plain brown wrapper it was Bunk and George Lewis *Careless Love Blues* I could whistle you the clarinet solo now Dum Dum Dum Dum magic you don't get that on a CD..."

Celeb

LIGGER

THE TIME HAS COME, GARY. PREPARE YOURSELF.
WHAT FOR?
THE READING OF THE BOOK IN WHICH YOUR EARTHLY DEEDS HAVE BEEN RECORDED. WE SHALL SEE WHAT KIND OF MAN YOU WERE.
OH STREWTH.
GARY BLOKE?
ER YES.
THIS WAS YOUR LIFE.
WHAT! IT'S EAMMON ANDREWS! BLESS ME.
TA! TAH! TAH TAH!
RIP

Save the Whale Says Sir Jonah

Babylon Times

2 shekels

BACKWARD WITH THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

BABEL PROJECT SAVED

by Our City Staff ***Solomon Rushdie***

THE multi-billion pound plan to build the world's largest tower has been saved after its worst-yet financial crisis. Yesterday bankers from every nation in the world pledged another 20 billion shekels to allow the next stage of the gigantic project to go ahead.

This, it is hoped, will allow the tower to be completed on schedule on 1st July 1993 BC.

Tunnel Vision

So far only the foundations of the giant structure have been half completed, at a cost to date of 718,000 billion shekels.

The contractors' initial estimate of the tower's cost was 35p.

Says the chairman of Ur-o-Tower, Mr Alistair Morecashplease: "We are now back on schedule to guarantee that the Tower will reach heaven by the target date."

Behind-the-scenes pressure from King Ozythatchias, who regards the tower as the supreme monument to her ten-year rule, is thought to have been responsible for the latest rescue package.

Still to be finalised, however, are the plans for "links" to the tower from all parts of Mesopotamia, which will involve the destruction of several hundred cities, including the Designated Areas of Outstanding Unnatural Vice at Sodom and Gomorrah.

ON OTHER PAGES

Row Grows Over Admission Charges to Hanging Garden Centre p.4

Plan to Privatise Waters of Babylon Meets New Opposition p.7

We Want No More Jews Here says Naim Tebbit p.12

Why We Should Let Out the Lions-Den-One by Saul Foot p.8

Going Green — 101 Ways to Eat Grass by Nebuchadnezzar p.18

Why Oh Why The Writing Is On The Wall for Belshazzar by Saul Johnson p.6

Unfunny Cartoon by Mac of the Chaldees . . . p.2

Ur...

... That's it.

GLENDA SLAGG

Fleet Street's Satellite Dish

Ron Brown. Aren'tcha sick of him?!?

Labour's Lothario from Leith has got us all a-mewlin' and a-pukin' with his loutish legover antics!!?

And he has the nerve to tell us that he has won a moral victory!?!

Immoral victory, more like. Smashin' up your love nest and putting knickers over your head!!?!

My verdict — it's a case of Labour's Love's Lost!! *(Leave out the highbrow stuff and get back to the knickers — Ed.)*

Hats off to Ron Brown, Labour's Mr Loveromp!!

Thank goodness there's one MP left who's not ashamed to take down his trousers and live life to the full.

OK, so he's got a conviction for criminal damage!

Who hasn't these days??!

At least he's given us all a good laugh over Christmas.

I say "knickers" to the judge. *(That's more like it — Ed.)*

Seen the Sunday Indie?
Nor me!!?
I'm trying to stay awake (geddit?)!

Dave Allen!?! The Beeb's Mr Foul-Mouth!!?!

So you think using the F-word is funny!!

Well, I've got news for you.

No, it fucking isn't!?

Editor's Note: We apologise for Miss Slagg's use of a certain word in the above, which many readers will have found gratuitous and offensive. In future there will be a warning whenever she is about to use that word.

Three cheers for Dave Allen, the cheeky laughmaker from the land of leprechauns!!?!

With his glass of whiskey and his four-letter words, this broth of a boy from the bogs has us all a-chucklin' and a-fucklin'!?!

Good on yer, Dave — and don't let the whingein' wet

blankets of the Whitehouse brigade get you down.

Here's laughin' at you, boyo!?!!

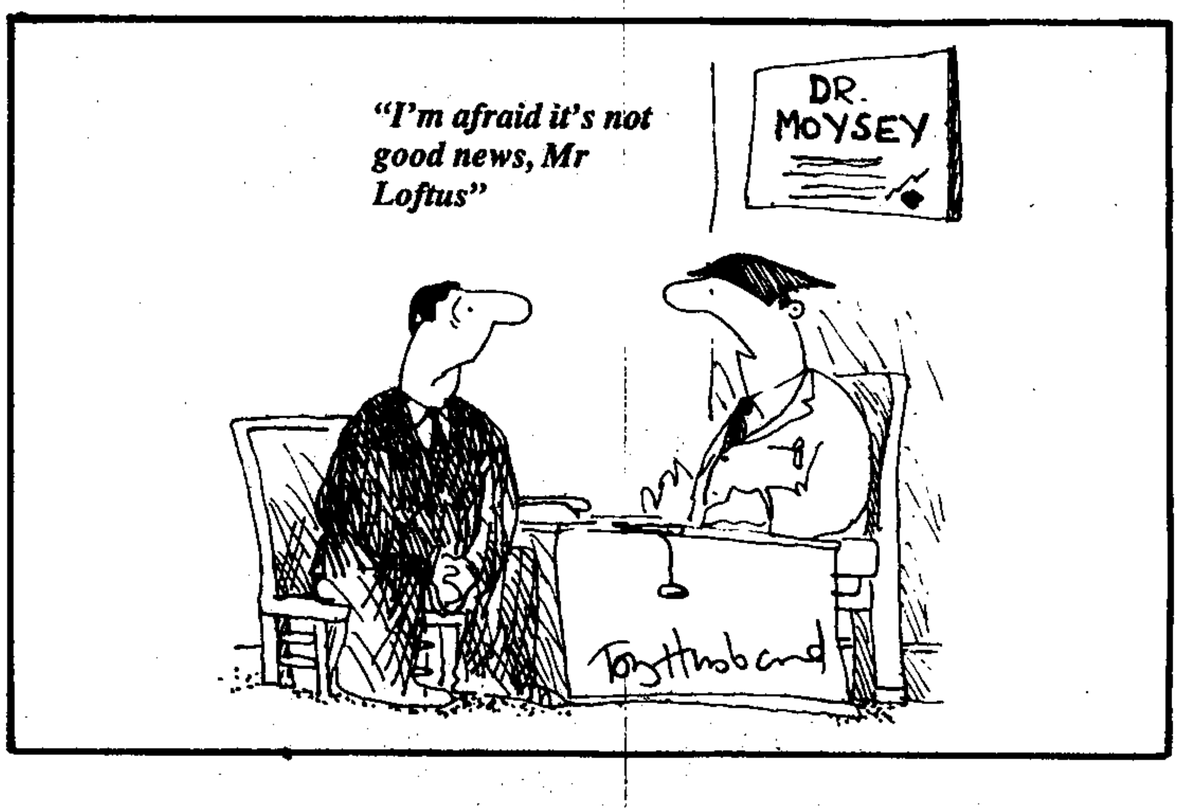
Here they are — Glenda's line-up for the Naughty Nineties:

● **Michael Howard,** *Maggie's munchy new "Mr Jobs". You can get your Howard's end away with me any day!?! At least I'll be on the job!!?!*

● **Roger Poole** — *Mmmm!! He's enough to make me an ambulance-chaser!!?! (Geddit?!) Take me away, handsome, I'm a stretcher case already!!?!*

● **Judge Pickles** — *Hey there, Big Wig!!?! How about sentencing us to a long stretch inside!!?! How'd you like to do a bit of bird yourself — ie me!?!! (Geddit?! I don't!)*

Byeeeeee!



EASTERN EUROPE

Millions flock to see dictator's palace

by Our Man in Oxford
Pergamon Wortshorne

Yesterday millions of sightseers *queued* round the clock *in a remote part of the countryside to see for the first time the fabled palace of the world's most hated dictator, Robert Maxwellescu.*

Many gasped openly at the astonishing display of wealth and vulgarity amassed by the publisher during his 40 years of tyranny over the Pergamon empire.

Said one amazed onlooker: "We had to queue in the *Mirror* canteen for our egg and chips while he was here having caviar ladled into his mouth on a silver spoon by Joe Haines."

Bob's Your Uncle Bulgaria

Crowds gaped as they saw the gigantic specially cast 60ft bath and the reinforced solid gold toilet seats made exclusively to fit "the Captain's" outsize frame. And then there were the fridges, each one of them crammed to bursting with huge pots of Albanian caviar and piles of Moscow gold.

The Captain's dressing room, the size of two tennis courts, contained 58 wardrobes, each one stuffed with vast silk pyjamas made from enough material to cover the M25.

Maxwell's private shoe collection, all hand made from pure crocodile skin, filled three floors of the place they are calling "Headington Hall".

Photographs in elaborate gilt frames of Maxwell's many children decorate the walls. Each of them was given a prominent posting in the Maxwell empire — Darren, Wayne, Enver, Todor, Kevin and little Jaruselski were all promoted, to the intense dismay of millions of ordinary workers and intellectuals (Pol Fot) whose backbreaking toil had sustained the dictator and his wife in their crazed dreams of world domination.

Robert Maxwell is 98.

Robert Maxwellescu – in happier days

ON OTHER PAGES

Queen Strips Maxwell of Peerage She Never Offered p.6

BORING LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mrs Andrew Knight.

Sir, Everyone has got my husband wrong. He is not the slimy and treacherous little toady that he has been painted to be in the press. Whenever I think of him, I am reminded of the words of that wonderful old hymn: *Now the day is over, Knight is drawing nigh.*

Yours sincerely,
SABENA KNIGHT,
Dunblackin,
Wapping Profit, Essex.

From General Sir John Gussett KBE.

Sir, I have recently read the so-called Booker Prizewinning novel for 1989, *The Remainder of the Day* by some little Japanese chappie. This purports to tell the story of a butler in the pre-war period. But it is only too apparent that Mr Toshiba has never been near a butler in his life. On page 123, for example, we read the following: "Would sir care for another helping of shredded wheat from the hotplate?"

As one who regularly stayed in country houses in the inter-war period, I would like to make it clear that at breakfast time it was never the custom for the butler to serve the guests, except with large brandies, if they desired it.

Later on, on page 378, we read Mr Hirohito's description of an after-dinner conversation:

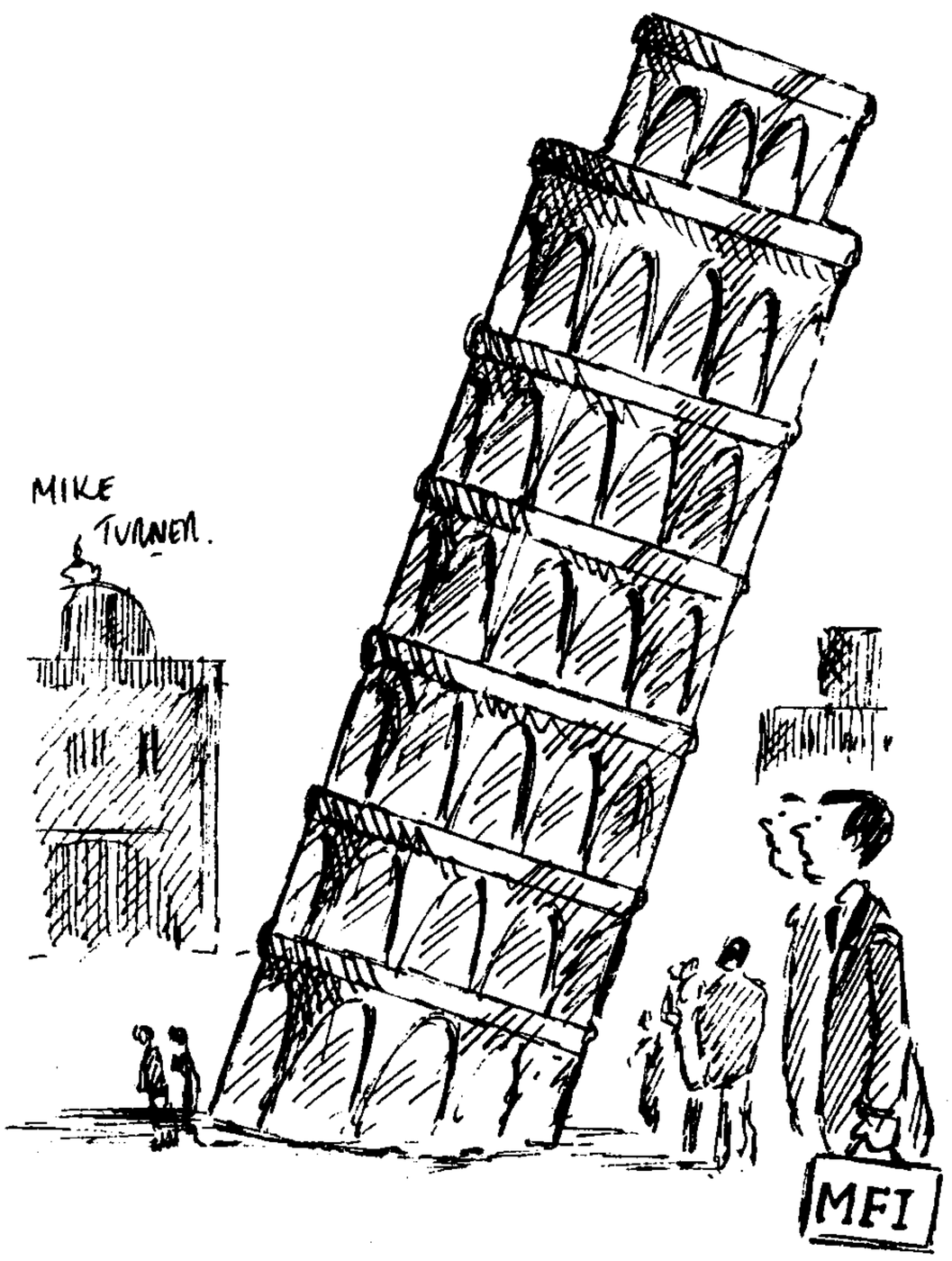
"Foggis moved imperceptibly behind the chairs of each guest, filling and refilling their glasses with the priceless 1912 port, like a goldfish gliding through the reeds of a pool in the Imperial Palace at Yokohama."

What a howler, sir. Any fool could tell Mr Kamikaze that the port is passed from one gentleman to another, and the butler's only duty at this stage of the evening is to leave the room, so that he can enjoy a cold collation in the pantry with the cook, Mrs Waldegrave.

How on earth this book could win the Booker prize beggars belief.

First Pearl Harbour and now this. I agree with the Ayatollah that this so-called writer should be strung up.

Yours faithfully,
GEN. SIR J. GUSSETT,
The Old Bedlam,
Kington St Miles, Avon.

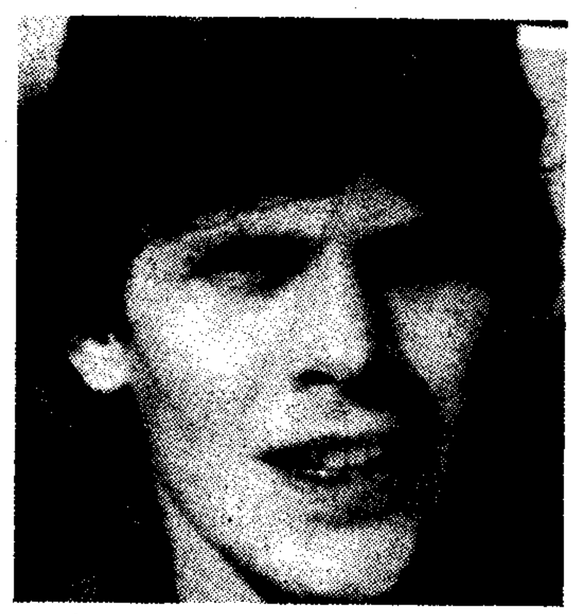


"Well, it looks OK to me"

He's Controversial. He's American. He's on the Telly. Introducing the *Eye*'s exciting new columnist

Michael Agnostikoff

(as seen on BBC2's *Late Night Late Show*).



BEING asked to write a column in the *Observer* would be a daunting enough prospect at the best of times. But frankly, dear reader, when one has to follow the legendary Neal Ascherson, one is reduced to total speechlessness.

Staring at my face in the mirror this morning, I asked myself — what do you believe? Do you have any opinions? Are you essentially conservative or liberal? Who are you?

Is this 1200 words yet? *(No it isn't, keep going, D.T.)*

Such profound questions have no easy answers. Yet answers must be found, if I am to fill up the remainder of the space allotted to me by my editor — and filled it must be, dear reader, or there will be a great void on this page of the *Observer*. Was it not Anton Chekhov, that great prophet of our age, who foresaw a world in which men were grey shadows, who said "the act of writing is in essence a destructive act, turning what began as nothing into what ends as nothing"?

From Chekhov it is only a short step to Czechoslovakia, which is being written about so movingly by my predecessor in this column Neal Ascherson, in his new column in the *Sunday Indescribablyboring*. It is one of the real tragedies of our times that no one can read his words, because that paper does not yet exist. But does anyone? That is the question I would leave you with.

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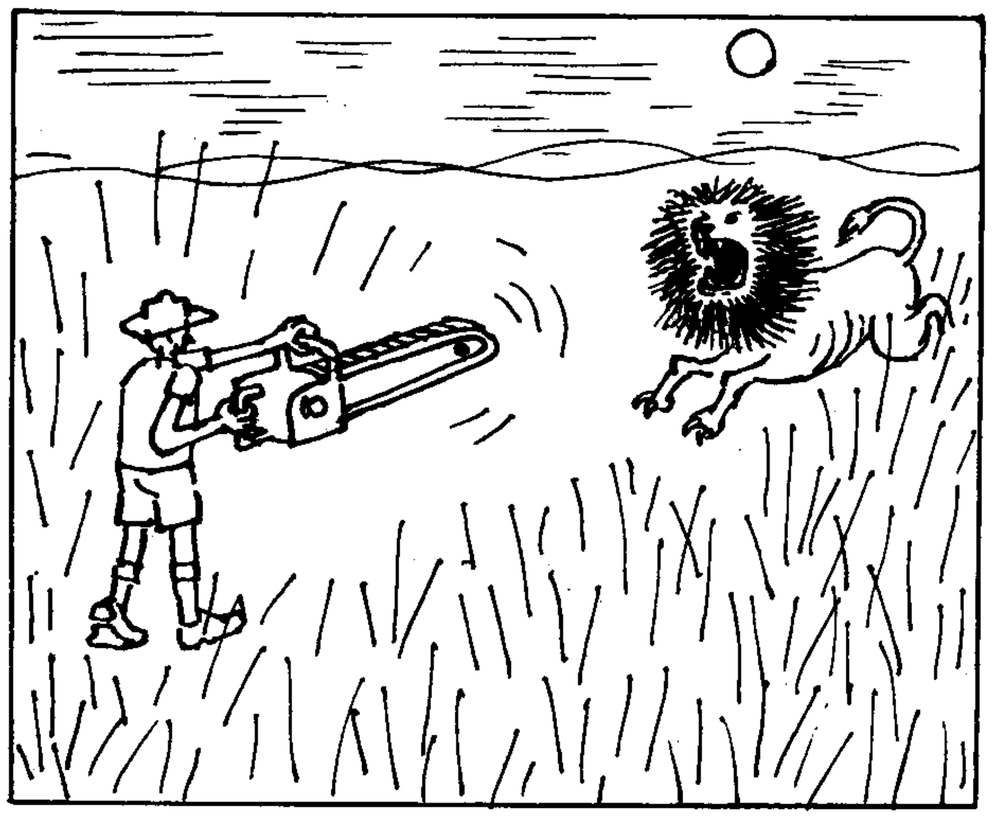
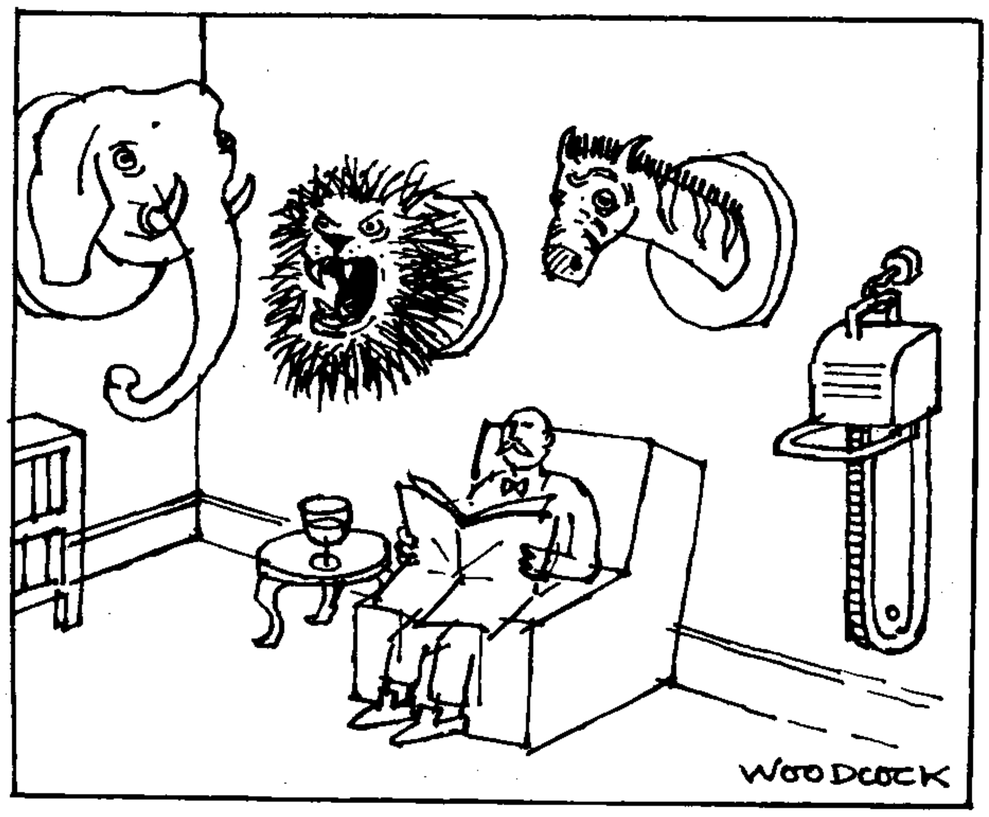
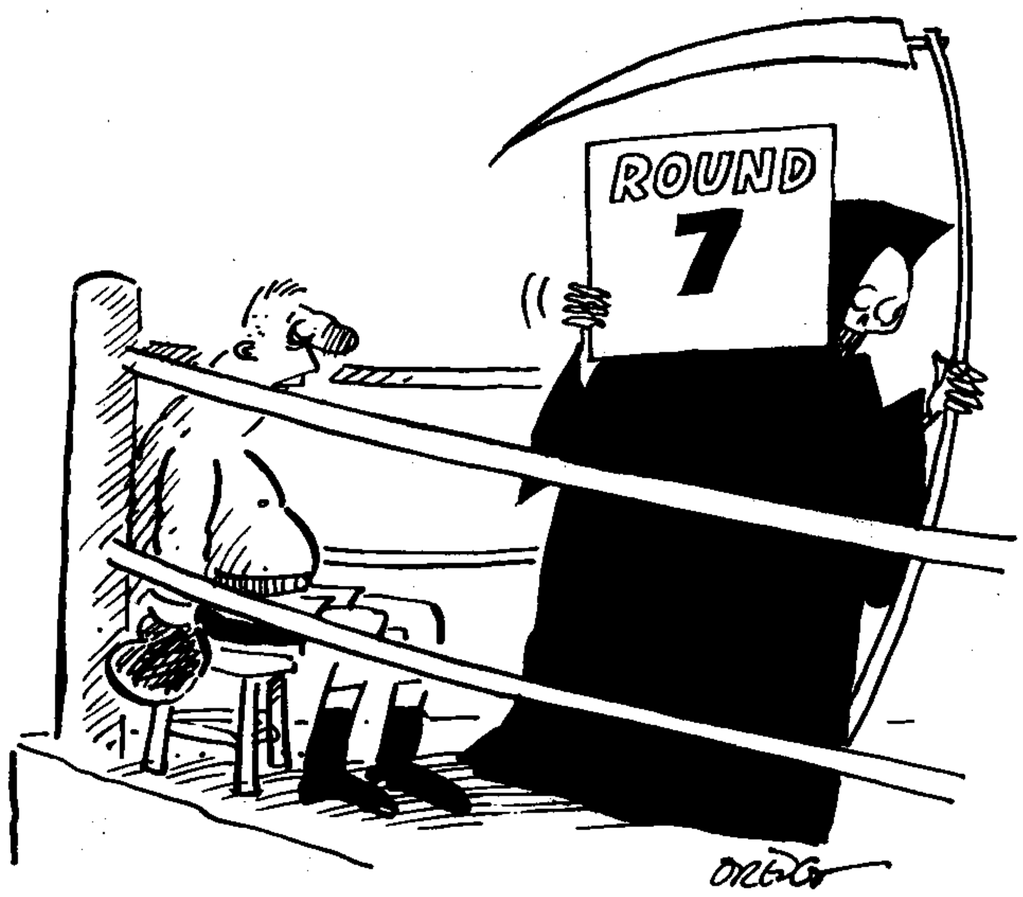






Those Black-Knight letters in full

Dear Conrad,

As you know, our deep and lasting friendship means more to me than anything in the world. I have always looked upon you as a father, a brother, almost as a lover. Our years together have been the happiest of my life.

However, after your recent letter suggesting that I should perhaps come into the office less often, I have the greatest pleasure in informing you that I have been offered a gigantic sum of money by Rupert Murdoch to do everything I can to destroy the *Telegraph* utterly and for ever. You are a total bastard, and I have always hated you from the bottom of my heart.

Yours ever,
Andrew

Dear Norman,

I am so sorry to read in the *Daily Telegraph* that you have decided to resign from the Cabinet in order to devote more time to your family. I have always valued your unfailing loyalty during the years when I have singlehandedly managed to make Britain the envy of the world. It is typical of you that, just when I need all the support I can get, you should turn round and stab me in the back. You gutless creep. No wonder I would have fired you if you'd stayed on a moment longer.

Yours sincerely,
M. Thatch
(Supreme Ruler of the Universe)

Dear Andrew,

Your latest fax to me is typical of your miserable, devious, grasping and totally unprincipled behaviour in everything you do. You are without doubt the lowest form of vermin that ever nature suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth. Nevertheless, I look back on our years working together with a fondness and gratitude which time's winged chariot shall never be able to efface, no, not in a thousand years.

Yours sincerely,
Adolf Blackadder,
Führer-in-Chief,
Der Telegraf-Spee,
Isle von Dogs.

Dear Denis,

I have enjoyed being married to you for many years, and have watched with unfailing interest the way you have brought up our children.

However, I have to say that, after long and careful deliberation, I have decided that I must now give up the family to devote more time to my Cabinet.

I remain here at 10 Downing Street.

Yours,
Margaret
(Supreme Ruler, etc)

Daily Mail
FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1990
22p

READ KEITH WATERHOUSE
PAGE EIGHT

LABOUR 'WILL BAN SECOND WIVES'

Gould's shocker provokes Kinnock fury

by Our Political Staff
BERNARD INGHAM

Labour's last hopes of winning the next election were hit for six today by an astonishing own-goal which left Neil Kinnock with egg all over his face.

Talking on a Radio Solent early morning phone-in, top Labour spokesman Mr Bryan Gould blurted out that a future Labour government would bring in "an immediate ban" on second wives, as part of Labour's programme to "protect the family against the onslaught of Thatcherism".

Moscow Gould

In recent years, under Thatcherism, more and more Britons have been taking on second wives, as "somewhere to go for the weekend".

But now, under Gould's crazy piece of loony left social engineering, people will be forced to give up their second wives, and remain with the wife of their first choice for ever.

Among senior Tories who would be first to be affected by the measure are Mr Douglas Hurd, Sir Norman Fowler, and Mr Denis Thatcher, all of whom have been living for years with their second wives.

Said Sir Norman Fowler yesterday: "Gould has really put his foot in it this time. Vote Conservative and God bless you all."

Neil Kinnock was last night said to be "comfortable" following the epileptic fit he had suffered when he heard the news of Gould's cataclysmic gaffe.

"What a crazy idiot. He's really scuppered us this time. Who'll vote for us now? We're useless," are just some of the things he might have said.

Man finds £14 million in street

by Our City Staff
PAUL FOOTSIE

A humble, unemployed former *Daily Telegraph* chief executive yesterday picked up £14,000,000 lying in the street in the form of shares.

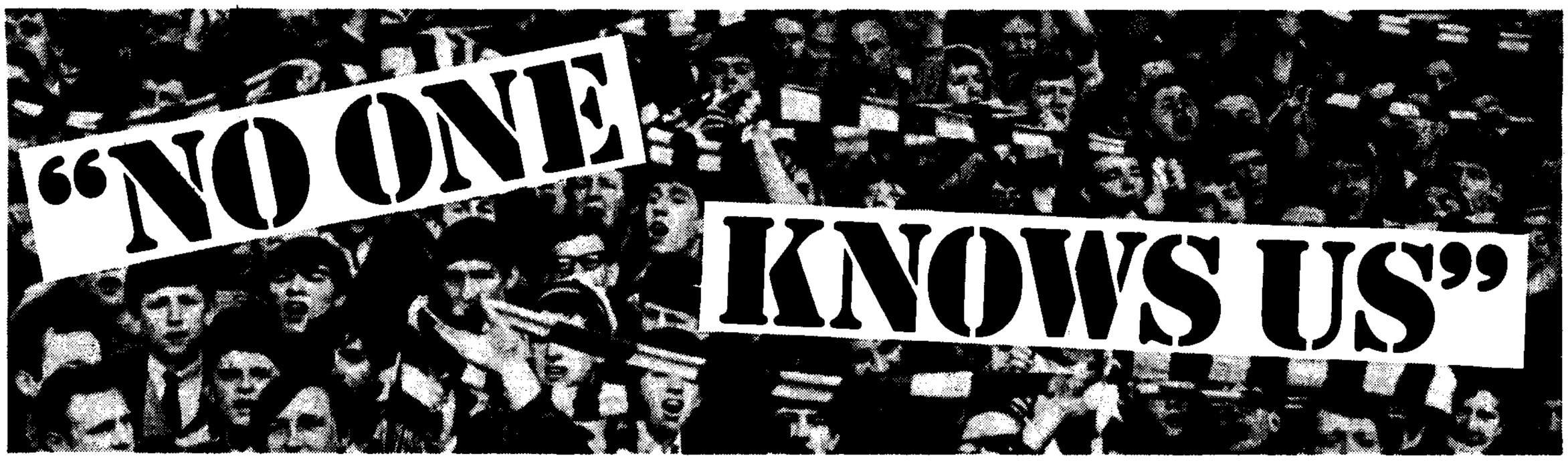
"I could not believe my luck," said Andy Knight, 43. "I decided there and then to hand them over to my bank manager."

The owner of the shares, a Canadian businessman, Mr Conrad Blackadder, 52, rewarded Mr Knight with a vicious profile in the *Sunday Telegraph.*

Max Hastings is 21.

INSIDE: Weather 2, Diary 15, TV and Radio 26-27, Sport 35-40

TV: Channel 4 9.00pm



(Documentary-style serious music with chant of Neasden fans drowning it out. Shot of terraces)

SID AND DORIS BONKERS *(for it is they):*

We are Neasden,
From the Bridge.
No one knows us.
We don't blame them.

INTERVIEWER: Neasden fans have a bad reputation. Made up almost entirely of two unemployed psychopaths, the husband and wife team of Sid and Doris Bonkers have become synonymous with foul language, bad behaviour and huge amounts of Obergruppenfuhrer Bavarian Lager Export Strength Pils purchased on match day from the Boston Arms. It's no wonder that other teams and their supporters dread a trip to Neasden Bridge.

(Footage of Sid and Doris being handcuffed by PC Ned Strangelove and put in the back of a Black Maria)

INTERVIEWER: Things were not always thus.

(Cut to old photograph of Neasdenbridge Stadium in 1927. It looks identical)

INTERVIEWER: In 1927 the club's founder and first chairman Sir Alfred Cohen opened the gates to a very different sort of fan.

(Very old man in prison cell)

SIDNEY BONKERS SNR *(for it is he):* Me and the missus would have a few bevvies in the George V and then go down to have a good thump-up with the mob from Dollis Hill. In them days we used to sing "Kill the Ref!" Unfortunately I once did, which is why I rely for information about the club from my son Sid on visiting days — ie when he gets banged up here for short bird.

(Cut to sepia-coloured old photograph of footballers. Caption: NEASDEN FC 1928*)*

INTERVIEWER: The first players were part-timers who saw football as a break from their long hours in the sweatshops and laundry presses of the nearby Cohen Sunlight Laundry. Many of those players still form the backbone of the present 1990 League squad. It is this refusal to buy new players that has angered so many of the fans and lies at the heart of the violence on the terraces.

(Cut to thug beating up wife behind the goalposts of empty stadium)

SID BONKERS JNR: I blame the Chairman, myself. He just milks the club dry. No wonder I am driven to this pattern of antisocial behaviour when the success I crave for the club has been stymied by the greed and indifference of the likes of Chairman Brigadier Buffy Cohen.

(Cut to one-legged player picking the ball out of the back of the net against backdrop of flashing blue police lights. Cut to woman strangling man with Neasden scarf)

MRS BONKERS: I blame the media. I mean, every time I hit someone they report it. No wonder people think we're violent.

(Doris Bonkers runs on to pitch and knees referee in groin)

INTERVIEWER: During the course of making this documentary, Sid Bonkers Senior was released from prison and went to see his beloved club play Dollis Hill. He never saw the game. Tragically, he was rearrested on the way to the ground and charged with grievous bodily harm. This programme is a tribute to him and to Neasden fans everywhere.

(Chant of "Kill the Ref" mixes with music from Old Spice ad and Rod Stewart's "Sailing". Pictures of discarded Neasden rosettes and lager cans fade into black)

Row over "vicious attack" by magazine grows

No one even interested

by Our Tatler Staff
Lucy Hughes-She?

Nobody in London was talking last night about an amazing attack on one of the country's best loved young women published in the society magazine, *The Tatty.*

Headed FAT, UGLY AND STUPID, the piece purported to be a profile of Miss Emma Soames, the society figure with close connections to the Royal Family.

"She is the grand-daughter of Sir Winston Churchill and the daughter of Lord Soames," says the anonymous article. "She is a public figure who has a duty to her family and her country to set standards. However, she regularly hangs around the Groucho Club in a vulgar leather mini-skirt with inappropriate Sloane friends".

The article made a number of damaging accusations, including the suggestion that The Honourable Emma had used a four-letter expression at a dinner with respected literary figures such as Pamella Stephenson and John Walsh.

Emma Soames is 21 stone.

"Overdue payments on student loan: we've come to repossess your education, Miss"

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Diana has returned from a stay at Watney's Health Farm in preparation for her winter skiing holiday.

Now read on...

DIANA opened her Blom Cooper designer suitcase and arranged her cassettes neatly in rows of twenty. Charles sat on the edge of the bed thumbing through the latest issue of *Green Today*, the magazine for the thinking ecologist of tomorrow.

"Do you realise, Diana," he said, "that by the year 2020 the White Cliffs of Dover will be underneath the sea?"

"No, I didn't actually and I don't care very much. We're meant to be going on holiday, remember, Charles? Vermuellen, Switzerland. Throw me over those headbands, Mr Misery."

Charles passed over a collection of luminous Chanel No 5 day-glo headbands in pink, green and saffron.

"No, but seriously Diana," he persisted "if we continue to rape the earth, nature will wreak its revenge..."

"Yawno... Yawno... Yawno..." mocked his pencil-slim bride. "I hope you're not going to go on like this in the chalet or else Bunty will lock you up in the sauna like he did last time and Georgie will spike your Glühwein with Ecstasy."

Charles shuddered with distaste as he recalled the ghastly episode when a tiny amount of this dreaded scourge of the twentieth century had made him fall deeply in love with a sofa.

That really *had* been appalling. Ricketson-Smythe had dined out for years on what had become known as "the Swiss Sofa Incident" which Bunty Coker had elaborated with a description of Charles murmuring: "You have the most beautiful legs in the world. And four of them."

Charles watched his wife as she piled thirty pairs of Jonathan Rayban Deep Ski sunglasses into her environment-friendly crocodile-skin-style Noriega flight holdall. He decided on one last attempt to engage her interest in the magazine.

"You really should look at this. Those circles in the wheatfields are telling us something."

"And precisely what are they telling us?"

"Er... well... er... its... er..." He searched his mind for some explanation but fell back on the words of his old friend and mentor, Sir Laurens van der Post. They came from the sage's study of the ancient rock paintings of the Bundesbank aborigines of Bavaria.

"There are circles that you find. In the windmills of your mind." How very true that was... how very...

Diana grimaced.

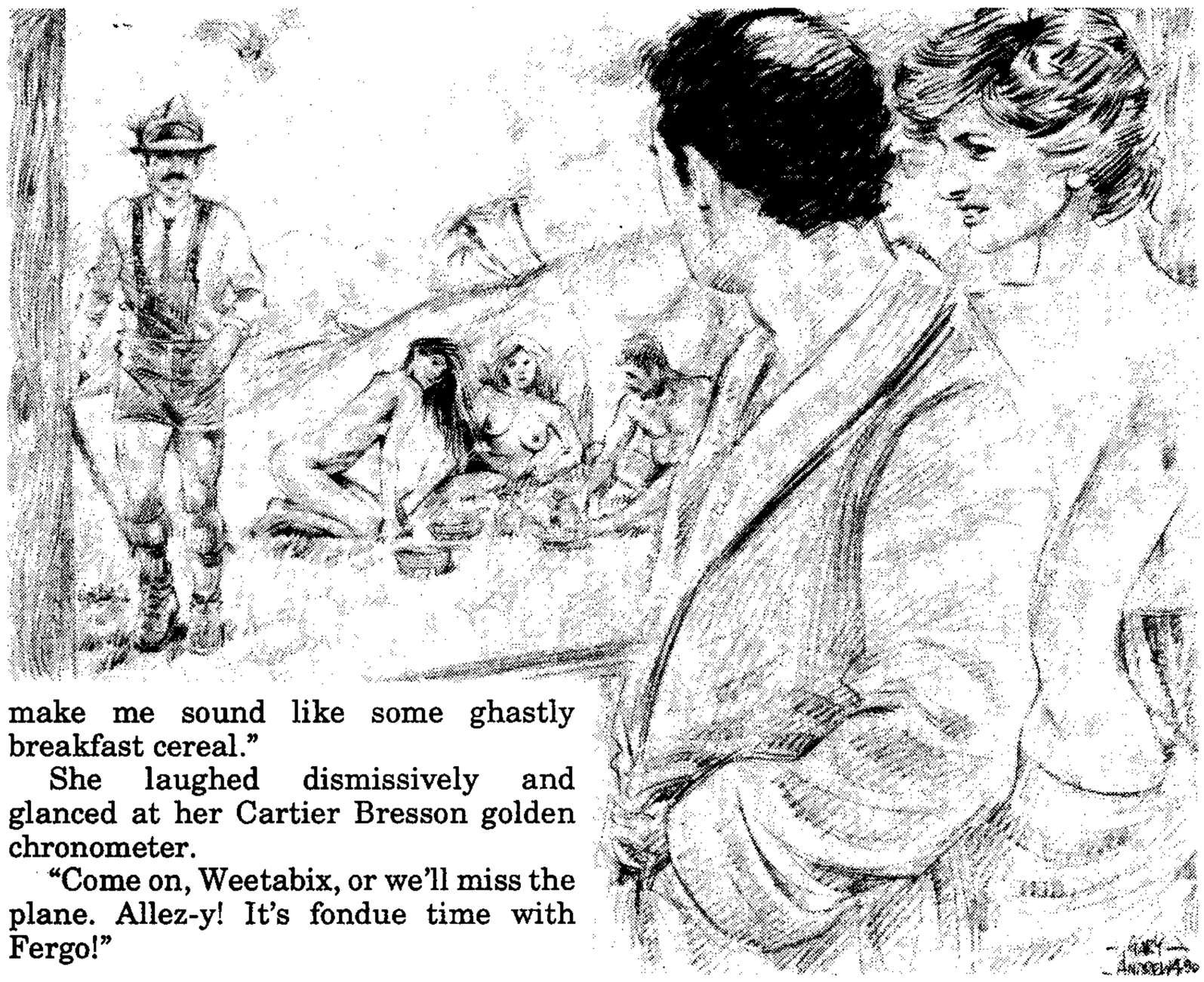
"I told you, Chazzo, you need a holiday."

He blushed. Chazzo?

"Do you have to call me that? You make me sound like some ghastly breakfast cereal."

She laughed dismissively and glanced at her Cartier Bresson golden chronometer.

"Come on, Weetabix, or we'll miss the plane. Allez-y! It's fondue time with Fergo!"



THEY had arrived late at night and, although Charles had wanted to go straight to bed, Diana had demanded a round of "Pictionary". Charles had insisted on drawing elaborate water-colours for each clue which meant that he was soon out of the game, leaving his holiday companions playing for forfeits of buckets of duty free Old Fairbarn's Tartan Malt Blend. When Ricketson-Smythe suggested a game of strip-ludo Charles finally put his foot down and went to bed.

Charles had slept well and was woken by the reassuring sound of cowbells tinkling and the distant crumhorn summoning the herdsmen to their Alpine Muesli.

His first impression on getting out of bed was that the room was unnaturally warm for a snow-covered chalet.

Diana stirred beside him bleary-eyed. "Can't wait to hit the piste. Draw the curtains, Chazzer, and let's see the snow!"

Charles did as he was told. "Oh!" was all he could say as he surveyed the scene outside. There were cows, green fields, lush pastures, edelweiss and an odd hiker rambling past in his shirt sleeves.

"Guten tag!" he cried, waving to the Prince as a wild cockatoo flew overhead and the blazing sun beat down on the many naturists taking breakfast on the slopes.

"What's wrong?" Diana asked, moving to join him at the window.

She stood there is disbelief. "Where is it? Where's it gone? Where's the snow? We can't ski on grass."

Charles thought hard for a second and then it came to him. A look of triumph crossed his face.

"It's all there in that article I was telling you about. It's the greenhouse effect. The whole planet's warming up. We've got to do something."

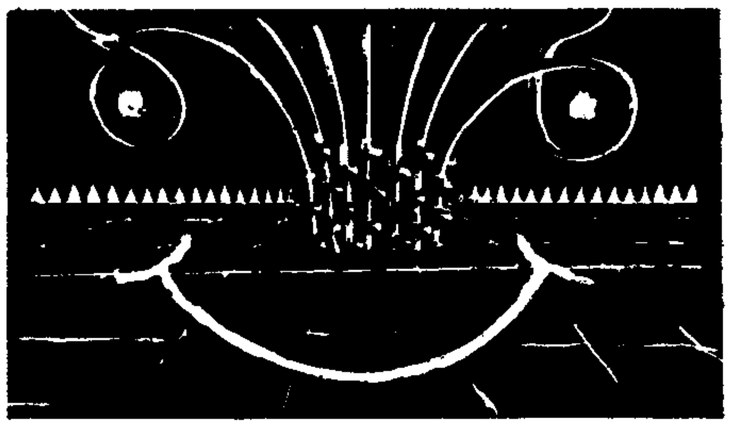
"You're right."

Charles smiled. At last Diana had seen his point of view.

"We've got to do something quick. Like get us on a plane to Aspen, Colorado. Now!"

To be continued

DIARY



MICHAEL WINNER

I am what someone once termed "a living legend". Anecdotes about That Man Winner, fond or otherwise, are rife in the world of movies, and my witticisms are rightly celebrated.

There was the famous time when a novice reporter asked me for my definition of teamwork. "A hundred different people all doing what I tell them," I replied, quick as a flash — an off-the-cuff remark that has now entered into history. And my definition of how to make a great movie? "A lot of different people — all doing what I tell them." That one, too, has made it into the textbooks. And a final Winnerism, as they're known within the industry: when asked by a fledgling journalist for his secret of success, Michael Winner retorted: "My secret of success? Getting everyone to do what I tell them!!"

As anyone who reads the national press will know, I am the proud possessor of an enchanting lady who goes by the name of Miss Jenny Seagrove — and what better present could any man have, I ask you, than to wake up beside that gorgeous and delectable lady?

As the lucky owner of the positively magical Miss Seagrove, I like to celebrate my admiration for this one hundred per cent female by purchasing imaginative gifts for her Birthday. Last year, the Band of the Royal Scots Guards played *Happy Birthday To You* while the two of us — myself and the lovely Miss Seagrove — enjoyed a Champagne Breakfast on the lawn. It was a purely personal way of rejoicing in our union, something private and very loving. Even the hard-nosed hacks from the *Mail, Sunday People, Mirror, Sun* and *Daily Express* whom I invited along to record the event agreed with me that this was a very special, very private tribute to a very luscious young lady.

This year, my plans are already far advanced for the most spectacular Birthday present yet. I am, as you will know, not just Britain's premier — some would say only — film director, but also the Founder and Chairman of the Police Memorial Trust, a Trust I initiated following the tragic murder of PC Yvonne Fletcher outside the Libyan Embassy, for which I have earned universal praise from all right-minded folk.

Well, this year I plan to transport Miss Seagrove in my chauffeur-driven limousine to St James's Square, there to hear Mr Nigel Kennedy, Miss Kiri Te Kanawa, the lovely "Bananarama" trio, Mr Val Doonican and the ladies and gents of the Hallé Orchestra play a selection from the Brahms *Requiem* on the very spot where that tragic young lady was so ruthlessly gunned down, while we both tuck into a Champagne Breakfast, still clad in our pyjamas and silk dressing gowns. A beautiful tribute to two beautiful young ladies.

Those who know me only as the highly successful director of the movie *Death Wish* (1974) would be well advised to check out my more artistic, impressionistic and delicately etched films, for which I have earned all the plaudits going from fair-minded critics such as my good friend Jeff Tingle, Chief Showbiz Reporter on the *News of the World*. These include *The Mechanic* (1972), *Death Wish II* (1981), *The Stone Killer* (1973), and *Death Wish III* (1985). It gets up my nose no end that many of the more high-falutin' — and lowly paid, might I add — members of the British Press have, for reasons not unassociated with jealousy chosen to ignore these considerable artistic achievements. Isn't it about time they banged the drum for Britain, I ask myself? Well, even those notorious toffee-noses will be forced to pay tribute to my next two movies: Anita Brookner's quiet masterpiece *Hotel du Lac* and Kazuo Ishiguro's sensitive and haunting *The Remains of the Day*, Booker Prizewinners both.

Filming of *Hotel du Lac* starts in Geneva this spring, with that fine actress Miss Jenny Seagrove gracing the screen with her presence as spinster and novelist Euphemia Blissit looking back on her life, and Mr Charles Bronson as the ruthless assassin who will stop at nothing to blow her to bits with a Howitzer Pump-Action Shotgun. Then in the autumn we begin work on *The Remains of the Day*, with the part of the English butler coming to terms with the events of the past played by Miss Jenny Seagrove, and Mr Charles Bronson playing the ruthless assassin who will stop at nothing to strip her naked and humiliate her before blowing her brains out with a stolen Exocet missile. For once in their paltry lives, the so-called critics will be duty-bound to award Winner the artistic credit that has long been his due.

In my role as Founder and Chairman of the Police Memorial Trust, I have no little influence over those who rule our land. Mrs Thatcher — now there's a lady with guts — became a close personal friend when we appeared side by side together while Miss Sarah Brightman sang a selection from Lloyd-Webber at the unveiling of the memorial to WPC Yvonne Fletcher in St James's Square five years ago. "How on earth did that awful little man take control?" I overheard her whisper to an adviser — a clear reference to Colonel Gadaffi. I then took the trouble to inform the good lady exactly how it is possible for a bloodthirsty madman with no talent to make his way in the world through sheer ruthless ambition and a love of guns. "At least you're honest about it," she replied enigmatically.

3 CHAIRMAN'S REPORT: Valerie Smith reported:
(a) May Meeting - 3 women deacons reflected on first year's work: Ann Barber (Vicar of parish); Jane Lloyd (Hospital Chaplain); Chris Farrington (Cathedral Deacon). An excellent day, but very small audience. Need to penetrate the male clergy.

Movement for the Ordination of Women
Minutes of the A.G.M.

The last Thatcher produces piglets

The RBST Bloodline Survey on the British Lop pig revealed only one Thatcher sow to be registered, the last in her line.

This great lady lives at the Sherwood Forest Farm Park and has rewarded the loving care and attention received there by producing a litter of eight piglets, 6 females and 2 males by her mate Aldens Duke 2nd.

The Ark

"Thank goodness – I thought it was Ruby Wax ringing the door bell!"

Literary Review

The book made flesh

Stolen
Deborah Moggach
(Heinemann £14.95/ Mandarin £3.95)

BEAR with me please, gentle reader, as we steer a course backwards in time, back to the 1970s when something known as the "telenovel" became an observable literary phenomenon and the endless battle between creativity and Mammon was given a new and sharper twist.

Though there had been prototypes, the "telenovel" (the history of the word and its spawn is chronicled in J.A. Sutherland's invaluable study *Fiction and the Fiction Industry*) dates in its modern form from the winter of 1975-6 and the first appearance on our screens of Frederick Raphael's *The Glittering Prizes* and Andrea Newman's *A Bouquet of Barbed Wire*.

Of course the relationship between "literature" and television is a great deal older than this, and books have always been adapted, with varying degrees of success or failure, for the small screen. However, these books were different. Deliberately written to accompany TV series, issued simultaneously in hardback and paperback during the programme's run, they featured as genuine transmedial artefacts.

Naturally, they were very bad. They didn't work as television (too many portentous speeches) and they most certainly didn't work as fiction (too much trite dialogue and artfully heightened climaxes set down with one eye on camera three). As many people pointed out at the time, it would have been a great deal cheaper (and possibly a great deal more honest) simply to issue the scripts in purchasable form.

The arrival of Deborah Moggach's *Stolen* (which appears, ominously, at the same time as a new Andrea Newman script/book) suggests that the telenovel is undergoing an alarming renaissance. You need only delve as far inside it as the dedication to undercover the underlying impetus. "For Roger, Cheryl and all the cast and crew" Deborah Moggach writes. "And especially for Tara, who started it all". Good old Tara! "Tara" is Tara Prem, producer of the LWT six-parter; "Roger" is Roger Bamford, who directed and "Cheryl" Cheryl Prime, the female lead.

Nothing particularly culpable about this, of course. And why

blame a novelist for writing novels at the behest of a television producer? The answer is: because it produces books like *Stolen*, in which lickerish Marianne from Ashford, Kent, marries enticing Salim from Karachi, Pakistan ("it was pure animal magnetism, with shock value thrown in") and, having been detected in adultery, finds herself on the wrong end of an international tug-of-love over the kids.

The result makes perfect TV of the higher soap opera kind. A luminous social issue. A dollop of smut for the less than high-minded (Salim, just this side of forbidden fruit, who "licked the exposed flesh of my thighs and nuzzled me like a dog"). Plenty of tear-jerking involving the snatched children. But at the same time it is television which gives the novel its cracking flaws *as a novel*, and television which inspires the terse, stagey dialogue ("You planning on having kids?" Mum enquires. "Hope so". "They'll be darkies! My own grandchildren"), television which fathers the walking clichés, the solicitors who announce "I'm here to help you", the mothers who comment "You've been a very silly girl", and reduces any message the book might harbour to women's magazine triteness (sample discussion of adultery: "millions of women do it, millions and millions of married men". "Did I?" "No, but it might have been better if you did. It might have made you a human being".)

Another mediocre TV series. Another mediocre "book of". It would not be worth bothering about, not worth lifting a pen to protest, were it not for the fact that earlier in her career Deborah Moggach used to be a serious and likeable novelist, responsible in particular for *Porky* (1982), a scarifying story of incest set amid a strange fractured family living beneath the shadow of Heathrow. *Stolen*, alternatively, is what is known in the trade as *Cosmopolitan* fiction, which is to say that it combines knowing chatter about blowjobs with deep reservoirs of sentimentality (see the book's conclusion for details). I suppose you can't blame Deborah Moggach for taking the money — what novelist ever could resist the lure of the media fleshpots?

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
I'VE BEEN INVITED ON RADIO 4'S NEW AMUSING LITERARY QUIZ SHOW!
SLIGHTLY FORCED WITTY PARVES S. RUSHDIE SNIPCOCK
WHY?
ER.... PASS!

Books & Bookmen

IT IS NOW known why Lord Weidenfeld permitted his ex-wife Barbara Skelton to publish her recent volume of autobiography which exposed poor Popeye's private habits to public scrutiny. By way of retaliation George is penning his own memoirs, although we shall have to wait until 1991 before reading them. The lucky publishing house? Popeye & Popeye.

THE GOSSIP just before Christmas was that Tom Maschler summoned the depleted and still diminishing staff of Jonathan Cape into his office to wish them the compliments of the season and to confide that as he couldn't think how to spend the many millions he'd personally received as the result of selling Cape to Random House, like Julius Caesar in his will to the citizens of Rome he'd play Father Christmas and divide it among the staff.

The only thing wrong with this story is that it wasn't Sir Thomas who behaved in this philanthropic way but Livia Gollancz after selling her father's old firm to Boston publisher Houghton Mifflin.

TOUCHY Poet Laureate Ted Hughes has now recruited Messrs Sue Grabbit and Runne to aid his campaign of intimidation against anyone who dares suggest that his behaviour towards his late wife Sylvia Plath was other than exemplary.

Their latest target is an 82-year-old retired professor, Trevor Thomas, who last year published a typewritten pamphlet describing his friendship with Plath, who lived in the flat above him in Primrose Hill after her marriage broke up. Thomas was the last person to see Sylvia Plath alive. He has now received a letter from Hughes's solicitor warning him that the memoir is "highly defamatory of Mr Hughes" and demanding mega-damages, costs etc etc. Thomas, who is in poor health and lives on a small pension, cannot possibly afford to fight the case.

Two years ago Hughes threatened to sue the BBC for libel after *Woman's Hour* broadcast an interview with one of Plath's friends, Elizabeth Sigmund, in which she revealed how upset Plath had been when she discovered that Hughes had been unfaithful to her. On that occasion, the BBC stood its ground and told Hughes it would see him in court; nothing more was ever heard of the matter.

This is but the latest of many attempts by Hughes and his sister Olwyn to gag discussions of Sylvia Plath (see *Eyes* 728, 730). In the last *Eye* Olwyn Hughes defended her "rewriting" of the recent Anne Stevenson biography of Sylvia Plath, but what she has yet to explain is why she remains Plath's agent in spite of believing her to have been "a bitch" and "pure poison". Literary agents are supposed to look after the interests of their authors, but Olwyn certainly goes about it in a strange way. When a visiting German dance troupe performed a ballet about Plath three years ago, Olwyn rang up the promoters to complain furiously that they hadn't made Plath look mad enough.

'Bookworm'

Help for the in-continent

THE CITY has been watching bemused as Eurotunnel wrangles first with its contractors and then with hundreds of banks for another massive cash handout.

The three groups involved in creating the tunnel persuaded themselves two years ago that they could link Britain with the continent for £4,870 million. Now they must persuade themselves firstly that none of them was to blame for the huge cock-up which has resulted in the estimate going up to more than £7,000 million; secondly that it won't happen again; and thirdly that they have shown their competence sufficiently to be able to ask the City for another £350 million in the autumn.

They may well be able to raise the money. As one stockbroker said: "People will buy shares if they are at the right price. If you issue shares at one penny, you will sell them."

That will not be much consolation to Alastair Morton and his colleagues as they burrow away. Nor is the City enthusiastic. Said one expert: "The trend in terms of cost overruns and changes of specifications is not terribly encouraging. Eurotunnel will need to produce a new prospectus before they have a rights issue because everything has changed so dramatically since November 1987. It is very difficult for analysts to make a proper assessment of what the thing is worth. Hopefully, Eurotunnel will provide it."

That's what the City thought first time round. What needs to be explained is why the experienced Eurotunnel managers did not know how to assess the figures which contractors provided when seeking contracts. The overrun, after two years, is 50 per cent. The agreement with the banks stipulates that it must raise a quarter of new funding from shareholders, hence the need for punters to buy another £350 million worth of shares in the autumn to balance the extra £1,000 million-plus needed from the banks. And that is why a new prospectus is needed explaining that the people who got it wrong have now got it right.

The worry is that they haven't. They have agreed to trains going slower and this means fewer passengers and less freight every day. They have also agreed to a later target date for the tunnel to open, which means capital being tied up longer and income starting up later. The banks are stepping up interest rates and there is a reasonable prospect that the tunnel will never start to pay, which would be sad for investors, such as Robert Maxwell.

Greater than the concern over money is the continuing worry about safety in the tunnel. The British Safety Council and the Fire Brigades Union have jointly written to the prime minister reiterating their warning about the danger of allowing passengers to travel through the tunnel in their cars. The practice is needed because it would cost more if the passengers travelled separately.

The danger was emphasised by one of Britain's leading experts, Dr Herbert Eisner, who worked until retirement as the director of the explosion and flame laboratory of the Government's Health and Safety Executive. He told the select committee on the Channel tunnel bill that there would be, at peak periods, 10,000 people in the tunnel who would be subject to inhaling poisonous carbon monoxide gas which would be produced by an outbreak of fire anywhere in the tunnel system.

The difference with a trans-Alpine tunnel, he explained, was that the cars would be inside a closed shuttle wagon under the Channel. Under the Alps, on an open car deck, there would be a good chance that the fire would burn out without affecting adjacent cars.

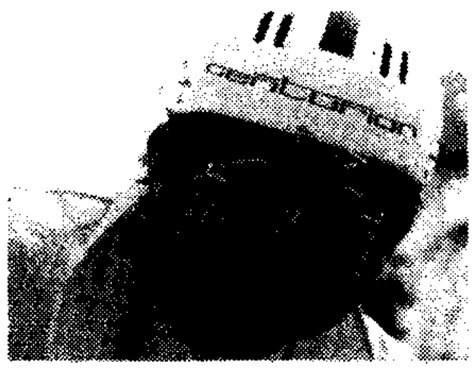
Arms news

Shorts shrift

SHORTS PLC, one of the Government's favourite and most expensive privatised companies, is trying to rectify one of those tedious bureaucratic hitches that can stymie free enterprise: the need to apply for planning permission when you want to build somewhere to test your rockets.

Last May the weapons and aerospace firm began work on a new base near Downpatrick, co Down, apparently to allow easier testing of its new missile range (*Eye* 731). This came as a bit of a shock to locals, not least because Shorts had not bothered to seek planning permission at the site.

After complaints and a rare burst of activity from the normally docile local media, the Government promised an explanation. It eventually emerged in the run up to the Christmas break and, although this was obviously not the Northern Ireland Office's intention, went largely unnoticed.



PRAT IN A HAT: Peter Bottomley

Peter Bottomley, sidelined as a minister at Stormont while his wife Virginia climbs the ladder at Westminster, told the Commons that an outline application for planning permission had been submitted by Shorts four months after work had started (while the company was still in the public sector).

A full application, the details of which are being kept secret, was finally made on 5 December and Bottomley has declared himself satisfied with its contents. Shorts must, however, clear up the front entrance to the site before the end of January. This is not a very onerous sanction.

Meanwhile another parliamentary statement, by Norman Lamont on 19 December, revealed that public spending in Ulster is two thirds higher than in England — and that *excludes* the costs of keeping the army there.

Lamont said casually that the figures were distorted by the cost of privatising Shorts, which he put at an incredible £247 per head of population. Shorts employs fewer than 7,000 people and must surely collect the prize for most expensive government giveaway.

It is hard to believe that a company based anywhere else in the UK would be treated so favourably and receive so little public scrutiny. But Thatch must be happy with progress there: David Fell, the civil servant who negotiated the sales of Shorts and that other bastion of fair employment, Harland and Wolff, picked up a CBE in the new year's honours list.

London Fire Brigade

Going Underground

MANY PARTS of central London are regularly left with inadequate cover by fire engines as the machines are tied up attending incidents at Underground stations.

Last year saw the second anniversary of the King's Cross disaster, which prompted new rules for the pre-set attendance of fire engines at stations. London Underground staff used to deal with small track fires (often rubbish ignited by sparks from the electric line) without bothering to call the fire brigade. Since King's Cross, however, they have been required to alert the emergency services every time they report a fire incident — no matter how small — and rightly so, some might say.

The trouble is that senior managers at the London Fire Brigade have characteristically overreacted. Every time they are called to an Underground fire, seven fire engines and an area control unit are deployed. *That is the equivalent of the full complements of at least three fire stations.*

A standard call-out is to respond to "smell of smoke", often caused by overheating brakelinings. If a train is giving off a little smoke but continues on its journey, it leaves a smell of burning in every station it passes through. The fire brigade may therefore be called to as many as four or five stations on the same line within a couple of minutes. As many as 20 or more machines may be sent to Underground stations all within close proximity — tying up all the fire engines in that particular area of London.

Another regular call is to deal with "smell of smoke in tunnel". When this happens, fire engines are dispatched to the two stations either side of the reported fire. A train is commandeered and de-trained (passengers are evacuated) and firemen proceed through the tunnel on the now empty train.

On emerging at the next station and having dealt with the incident, usually a false alarm, they then have to wait for another train to take them back to the station where their machines are parked. This all takes time and causes huge disruption and inconvenience to passengers. The result is that the public image of the London Fire Brigade has deteriorated greatly (many crews are left standing around at stations for hours with nothing to do) and as one fireman of 15 years' experience said: "The calls to the Underground are killing this job."

If a real emergency were to arise simultaneously, delays would be inevitable. It is ironic that on the fateful night of King's Cross, the machines from the nearest station to the fire (Euston) were unavailable as they were attending a call to University College Hospital, leading to a delay in the first fire engine arriving at the scene. Now many people face longer delays because so many machines are wasting time sitting outside Underground stations. The delays are made even worse by the fact that the "temporarily" closed Stratford Control remains closed.

Banking News

Back to the futures market II

STEPHEN FRANCIS, a British born New Zealander, was charged earlier this month with forgery at Guildhall Magistrates' Court.

Readers of *Eye* 730 will remember him as the person who disappeared some weeks ago after the loss on the New Zealand futures market of close on NZ$1 billion.

Francis had come to London and formed NZ Gilt Securities International Ltd. He had also formed a relationship with a British company, GT Management, which officially placed his buy and sell orders in New Zealand and Australia. It was GT who agreed to pick up the tab of all the instructions emanating from its offices.

However, it is alleged that many of these "instructions" were sent by fax and GT Management claims they were unauthorised and thereby bogus. Writs are now flying and lawyers in New Zealand, Australia and the UK can expect to make a killing.

As for the investor and unwitting stockbrokers, the future looks grim indeed.

In the City

ON AND ON goes the fiasco of the House of Fraser report. Latest word (8 January) from Attorney General Sir Patrick Mayhew, who we are assured keeps in "personal touch" with the supposed inquiries by the Serious Farce Office into the Department of Timidity & Inaction inspectors' highly critical findings, is that these "will be completed shortly".

That reassuring statement, however, comes two months after Mayhew declared that "a decision about this case" would also be taken "shortly". At that time (6 November) the word was that the SFO and the Director of Public Prosecutions were about to finalise the already formed decision not to prosecute Mohammed Fayed for deceiving the DTI during the Harrods takeover in 1985.

But November and December went without any such final decision. The only decision taken was to reduce the fraud squad team handling the Fayed investigation from five to two, effectively putting the inquiries (being conducted "with all proper expedition" according to Mayhew) on a care and maintenance basis.

Exactly what therefore are the "investigations" to which Mayhew recently referred is far from clear — perhaps waiting for the postman finally to deliver the repeat knockbacks from Switzerland, Egypt and Brunei which can then be said to have sadly obstructed a determination to prosecute Fayed for the "pack of lies" he told the DTI and the Office of Fair Trading about his family background, business fortune and the source of the £570 million used to buy the Harrods group?

Once those already known answers are in the bag, a statement could be made that no charges of perjury, deception or breaches of the Prevention of Fraud (Investments) or Companies Acts could be brought despite herculean efforts by the SFO.

All of which would be possibly amusing if it were not that in February last year none other than Mayhew himself was pressing the SFO to conclude the probe as soon as possible. An intervention which saw the Fayed team "beefed up" from two to five. Now it is back to two again and Mayhew is still talking about the investigations proceeding!

Students of Westminsterspeak suggest that the fact that now Mayhew is talking about the investigations being completed "shortly" as distinct from a decision about a prosecution "shortly" indicates the Government has decided to take the linked questions of prosecution and publication of the Fraser report down to the wire.

With only political headaches for Mrs Thatcher and former Trade Secretary and party chairman Norman Tebbit stemming from the admission that the phoney pharaoh is not to be prosecuted, especially once it can be seen and reported how the DTI report accuses him of "dishonesty", "deception", "false and fraudulent assertions" and "lies", publication may not take place before the Easter recess. The SFO has delayed publication "in the interests of justice," says Mayhew.

Stringing out the "no prosecution" announcement for another two months or more could take considerable but not impossible ingenuity. No doubt SFO director John Wood will be able to throw more light on this sleazy corner of Thatcherite regulation when he gives evidence to the Commons Trade & Industry Committee later this month.

Meanwhile, the Scotland Yard internal inquiry into the leaking of the DTI report to Lonrho continues at a similar sedentary pace. It is to be assumed that its findings will be synchronised with the "no prosecution" announcement. The leaked report has been traced to a copy which was in the fraud squad's care, custody and control and two of the original Fayed team have been transferred out to other duties although no disciplinary action has been taken against either man. The suspicion grows, however, that while there may be no prosecution of Fayed the Fake, the police could be asked to provide a sacrificial fall guy "in the interests of justice".

READERS (*Eyes* 671-2) will not in any way have been surprised to see the all too predictable fate which has befallen the appropriately named BOM Holdings under the tender loving care of chairman Michael Lucas. BOM, shares suspended since December 1988, is once again on the edge with the collapse of Albancode, the deal brought in by Lucas to rescue the company from exactly the same fate only in 1987.

Albancode and its Just Leather shops turned out to be a dog. So much so that the initial vendors have repaid £3 million of the purchase price. But as this was £16.5 million even that does not look more than the average Lucas deal — heads I win, tails you lose. But the 20,000 small shareholders imprisoned in BOM would do well ahead of the promised annual meeting to recall just who else benefited from the Albancode deal.

Lest we forget, Lucas and his associates bought Albancode for £10.25 million cash and then sold it on to BOM for £12.8 million in shares. American Jeffery Steiner's Banner Industries received £2 million in interest and fees for putting up a £5 million loan to Lucas & Friends. An unidentified third party was also paid £250,000 for introducing the Albancode deal! Lucas & Friends took their BOM shares at the very nice price of 8p each when these were already worth more than 20p, putting the value of Albancode at not £13 million but £34 million. It will be very interesting to see just how many of the 195 million BOM shares Lucas & Friends still held by the time they were suspended at 2½p. Then there is the little matter of Lucas's three-year service contract starting at £60,000 a year.

Given that Lucas & Friends brought Albancode into BOM, profited largely from the deal and agreed to limiting the warranties/indemnities from the vendors to £5 million, perhaps shareholders should press the chairman to help make up the difference.

Meanwhile, the only other real asset, 220 acres at Kingsnorth in Kent, has been sold without notice to Surelaunch in which BOM will have just a 20 per cent interest and at a price, £12 million, which seems not to reflect much of the vaunted value with planning permission.

BOM shareholders will no doubt be provided with full details of the business history of Surelaunch's controlling shareholder John Morris, whose career has until now been largely concentrated in the controversial, hard sell world of double glazing. No doubt he is as much a stranger to Michael Lucas as he is to BOM shareholders.

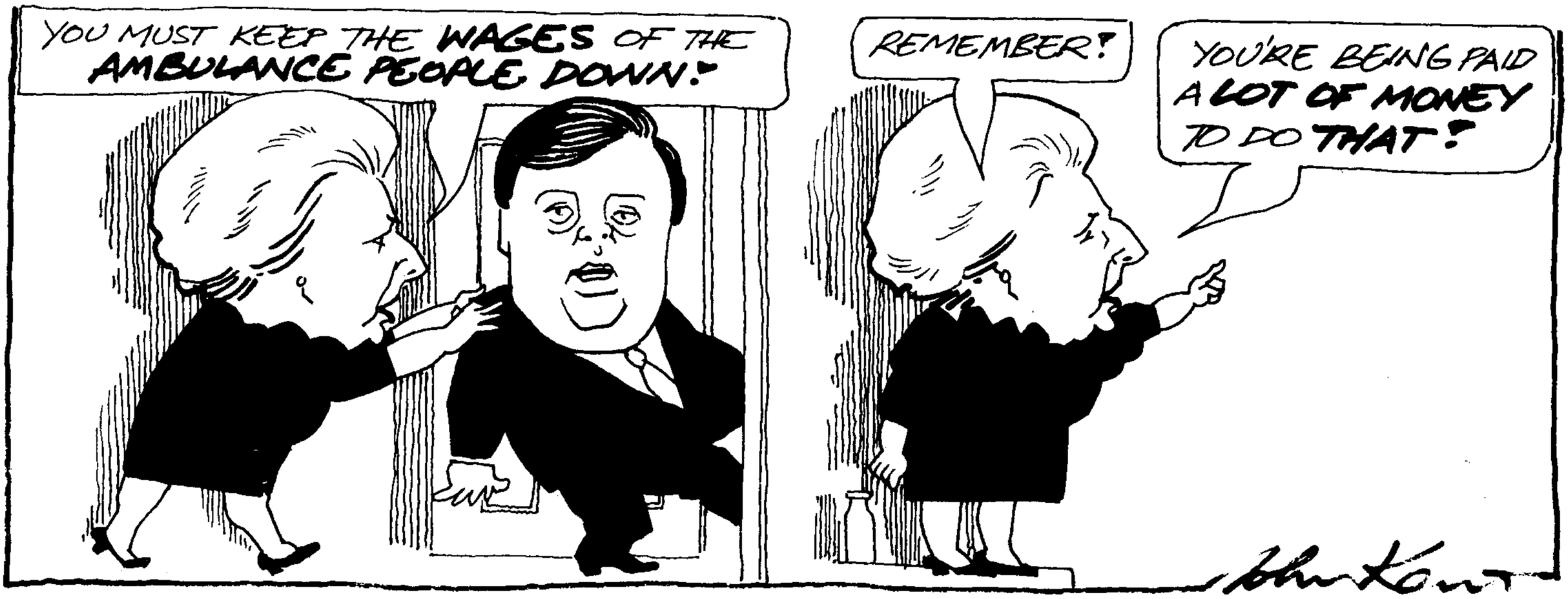
MATTERS appear to be threatening to enter the terminal stage at Dominion International, the financial group put together by a now hard to find Max Lewinsohn. It is suggested that unless a deal is done soon with Tiphook to buy the Dominion Credit & Finance leasing subsidiary, then the Royal Bank of Scotland could lose patience and carry out its threat to appoint a receiver.

But the chances of a Tiphook deal have not been boosted by the discovery that DCF assets have been persistently overvalued, that there are substantial write-offs of £2 million-plus required against bad loans, non-existent assets and that recovery on many leasing deals could be effected because they were executed by a company executive who was an undischarged bankrupt. A recent spot check on six leased classic cars found they had been sold.

It appears that for up to four years Dominion persisted in not writing off loans in DCF and other subsidiaries where there were known problems despite warnings from auditors. This would have hit profits.

Dominion's new board has advised the SFO of the skeletons in the Lewinsohn cupboard but has asked for any inquiry to be delayed until a rescue package can be put together. After almost six months that is looking increasingly unlikely.

'Slicker'



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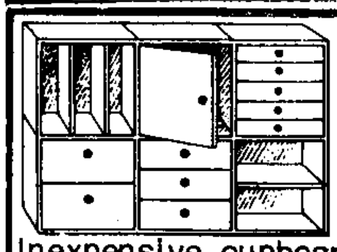

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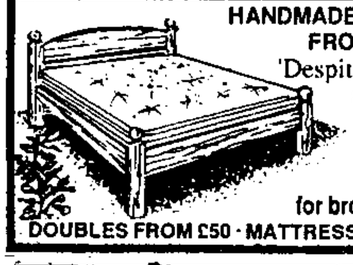

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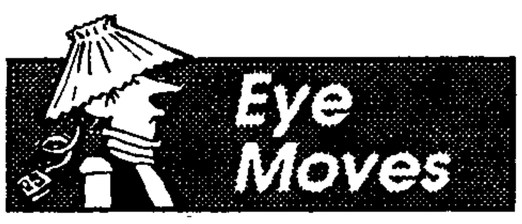

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STUFF ETHIOPIA! Home-grown poverty! Single mum, two asthmatic kids, can't work, can't pay bills, wits' end. Donations, sponsors, suggestions gratefully received. Box 1333.

HELP! I need air fare to see father for first time. No donation too small. Box 1433.

DESPERATE young family, three children, seek generous benefactor(s) to help them buy dream house. Box 1633.

HELP! Lady left in a financial mess, genuine proof available, desperate. Box 0733.

£3,000 to change my nose to change my life — donation/loan. Box 0833.

DISILLUSIONED young graduate needs £5,000 to travel world and rediscover purpose. Box 1533.

FANTASTIC opportunity to make a fortune for only three hours' work. Genuine, honest and completely new project for those who want to make it. Tel no optional. PREMIER PROJECTS, PO Box 108, Gravesend, Kent DA12 5RJ.

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BUDGETS/CASH flow forecasts via fax. FCA/FCMA support. Box 3231.

AMERICAN ADVENTURES! Our name says it all. Join us for small group active vacations in America, Alaska, Mexico and Canada. Colour brochure describes in detail 30 different itineraries and our travel philosophy. AMERICAN ADVENTURES, 45 High Street, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN1 1XL. Tel: 0892 511894.

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USA SUMMER jobs: ranches, resorts etc. Directory listing 50,000 jobs in W.H. Smith etc or £8.95 from VAC WORK, 9 Park End Street, Oxford.

WANTED: female petrol sharer, Roman tour in July. It's cheaper with two! Box 1833.

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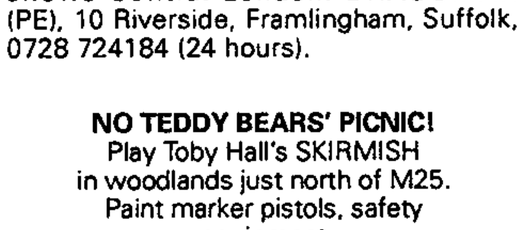

GENEVA daily o/w £66; ret £77. GERMAN TRAVEL, 8 Earlham Street, London WC2. Tel: 01-379 5212 (ABTA. IATA).

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NEW DOLDRUMS CLUB for professional couples 30-50 whose social life has plummeted and who are seeking new friends of either sex. First meeting at London hotel Fri 17 Feb for full weekend's activities including dancing, night clubs etc. Anything goes. Box 1733 or ring 010-33 79873598 after 7pm.

ETHNIC Introductions. Phone 0533 610266.

MATCHMAKERS Introductions get to the heart of the matter. Personal introductions for creative, business and professional people. Seeking a lasting relationship? Ring 01-458 0246.

PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

COTSWOLD bookshop owner (40), graduate, ex-Fleet Street, divorced, would like to meet others who would like to set up an upmarket singles group so that we can all meet someone nice in an urbane and natural way. Box 0133.

TWO'S COMPANY is an Introduction Agency for people seeking that elusive long-term relationship with someone special. We offer our clients the opportunity to talk about themselves in depth to a top team of caring professionals and to widen their circle of friends from whom busy people can meet their ideal partner naturally and discreetly. A unique sophisticated agency for unique sophisticated people. Call 01-323 3435, 92 New Cavendish Street, London, W1M 7FA.

RESCUE ME. Bored, divorced, lonely expat (39) seeks soulmate. Attractive salvage rights offered to sensual lifeboat. Box 7033.

BOYISH, whimsical male, 27, 5'6", Oxford student, kind, amiable, music lover, N/S, seeks equally boring, affectionate female. Photo secures mine. Box 17331.

FEMALE sense of humour that can kill at 200 yards? Author, headcase, but affectionate, wants to hear from you. Box 17431.

LONDON LADY, slim, feminine and attractive, seeks cultured gentleman (50-65) for genuine caring relationship. Box 17531.

BRIGHT, OUTDOOR girl, perhaps late 20's, sought by attractive fit, divorced professional (36). S. Wales/Borders. Box 17631.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, 31, tall, strong, handsome and kind, seeks pretty, blonde, public-school girlfriend. (Send photo) Box 17731.

ATTRACTIVE, quiet New Zealand girl mid twenties, 5'4" seeks kind man for companionship, love, possibly marriage. Box 17831.

AMERICAN LADY, attractive, mid 50s, PhD, successful career; loves theatre, museums, films, travel, cooking, animals, walks; seeks unintimidated, unattached gentleman friend. Box 17931.

IS YOUR ideal guy, early 30's, good-looking, 6'4", slim with nice bottom, intelligent, witty and single into rock music, dancing and driving his red Ferrari? Then my ideal girl is tall, very attractive, good legs, slight poser, clever, lively and funny. No parking wardens. So if you live in Kent/London area, why not drop me a line. Photo appreciated. Box 18831.

TALL, successful male, 32, graduate, likes music, travel, seeks dark-haired girl, 20-30, for long-term relationship. Photo please. Box 18131.

RICH, ATTRACTIVE married man, 41, looks like Tom Conti, seeks a beautiful, married lady about 10 years younger for occasional afternoons of happy dalliance, safe and discreet, possibly even rewarding. London area. Photo is essential. Secrecy promised. This advertiser is highly educated gentleman. Box 18231.

PETITE, sexually attractive red head seeks wealthy, generous Co Director, Chairman, 40-50, 6'0" (must be good looking) who knows how to look after his "sophisticated lady". Theatre/wining/dining/champagne afternoons etc. Box 18331.

LONDON BASED international executive, widower, 60's, non-smoker, very fit and active would like to meet caring and intelligent female for London life and extensive foreign holidays. Box 18431.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 42, seeks discreet romance with feminine non-smoking lady. London based but distance no object. Box 18531.

GERARD GRAY seeks woman. Must have legs that go all the way up to her bum. Glasgow area. Box 18631.

CAMBRIDGE-BASED Mathematician seeks kind, humorous female, "40ish" for clandestine relationship. Box 18731.

MALE, 48, tall, fit, private life disintegrating, seeks good humoured/natured female companion. Manchester, North West. Box 18831.

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, seeks male graduate, 39-52, articulate, intelligent, humorous, generous-spirited. Interests: the arts, architecture, science, European holidays, some sports. Photo please. Box 16731.

BERKSHIRE LASS (not a bumpkin) 47, single, slim, blonde, seeks country and town chap for friendship and laughter, etc. Before we are "past it". Box 16831.

ESCAPING to Southern France. Sophisticated English gentleman of great style (40s) — a thoroughly proper chap — announces his intention to flee the hassle and rat race to run holiday chateau. Seeks lady partner 30-40. Must be francophile, adventurous, charismatic and attractive. Photo appreciated. ALA. P.S. This is serious. Box 20631.

ATTRACTIVE BERKS female, 33, seeks humorous male for fun/friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 20731.

BUBBLY BRUNETTE, 28, attractive, upwardly mobile, seeks romantic male, 25-40, for love and friendship. Interests too wide to mention. Anywhere. Box 18931.

JOHN, 6', broad shoulders, white, outgoing, seeks attractive, single, feminine, 20-35. South. Photo. Box 19331.

SEXY LADY (34) seeks gentleman prepared to pamper, wine, dine and be discreet. West End. Box 19431.

GOOD LOOKING English businessman, 33, seeks attractive lady, 18-36, to share life's special moments. Photo and phone no. ensures prompt reply. Box 19531.

CURVY WOMAN, 26, seeks handsome companion with personality. Photo please. South. Box 19631.

ARE YOU 24-34, good-looking, with "twinkly" eyes? Reply please! Female (24) seeks fun-loving relationship. Photo please. South. Box 19731.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, wealthy business owner, young 40s, fun-loving, indulgent, generous nature, socially very active but often bored daytimes, seeking attractive female company for discreet lunchtimes etc and friendship without obligations. London 100 miles radius. Travel frequently worldwide on brief trips and the right girl would be welcome. If you are fun, and enjoy having the best of everything, please be frank enough to encourage meeting. Photo appreciated, returned with mine, you won't be disappointed. Box 19831.

ON YOUR MARX — if you wouldn't join a club that would have you as a member, then why not be my Groucho and join me for a night at the opera? Moustache not essential, but photo appreciated. Box 19931.

UNATTACHED? 20s? Female? Enjoy fun and friendship but lacking that special companion? 28 year old engineer seeks you. (Lancs/W. Yorks). Box 20031.

ARCHITECT/DESIGNER, 40, 5'11", interesting, intelligent, hardworking, fun, seeks astute, attractive, warm, professional woman 30+ with caring nature, wit and positive outlook to join forces and form long-term relationship. Photo and letter for reply. Box 19231.

LIVELY, attractive female graduate, 38, seeks male equivalent. Photo appreciated. Box 20131.

GREEN-EYED Oxbridge graduate/student (22) seeks excitement, adventure or just intimacy with attractive (young?) lady. I'm discrete, sincere and very adaptable. ALA Photo (pretty?) please. Cambridge/London. Box 20231.

JERSEY BASED large lady (28), tiring of courtship rituals, seeks single, intelligent, romantic (25-40) who could change my unhealthy cynicism into laughter at life. Box 20331.

ALL IT TAKES is time. If you are a confident (but not brash), gorgeous (but not vain), well-adjusted woman who knows that Heidigger isn't an Australian greeting ... and if you relish the challenge of escorting a creative writer who looks like Henry VIII, Clement Freud and Bob Hoskins combined, then write now! Caring, listening man, very early forties, lapsed romantic, plans to make your investment in time and postage the best move you ever made. Chiswick ... anywhere! Box 20431.

LARGE, bearded man; 44, cultured, domestically committed; would like to make the acquaintance of a beautiful, intelligent, younger woman. Stratford-upon-Avon-ish. Box 20531.

SEMI-DETACHED lawyer, early forties, warm, sincere, humorous, and a bit of a clever clogs really, seeks creative and individual woman. Photos please. Box 20931.

RETIRED, professional man, 46, unattached, attractive, seeks lady 30-50 for friendship, possibly permanent. Discretion assured. Devon. Box 21031.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 30s, witty, modest, francophile, hates Time Out, seeks compatible man. London. Box 21131.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, 20s, wishes to meet professional gentleman, 30-40 to share life with. Box 21231.

MAN, 35, educated, sad relationships, seeks again the loving touch of a womans hand. West Mids/London. Box 21331.

HOPEFULLY, unpretentious woman, 49, no ties, searching for similar mate. Box 21431.

PERSONALITY not possessions. Compromise for others, remember your needs? Tell me why, rare woman, and learn how to love pseuds corner from the inside. Self portrait or celluloid equivalent guarantees mercurial response from the quarter century freeman of eternity city. Box 21531.

FELLOW TRAVELLER? Seriously motivated friend and lover desired by partied, early 40s woman. Status immaterial. Humour, freespirit, feeling for sublime an asset. Box 21631.

HAPPY young man, 32, seeks warm lady 22-40 for warm times together. Into cinema, eating out, etc. Manchester/anywhere. Box 21731.

YOU ARE warm, creative, bright, very attractive and successful(?) lady (1956-1966) caring and thoughtful and seeking someone of similar traits, who will appreciate you, be proud of you, and make you smile. Try me? Established, N/S, 33, 5'10" slim, funny, easy going and honest. Many interests (inc travel/cinema/theatre/things old) and keen to share more. Leics — but does distance matter? — Go on write, what is there to lose? Box 21831.

BIRMINGHAM businessman seeks local colour (black stockings preferred). Box 21931.

AFFLUENT, generous, good-looking businessman in his thirties, dominant nature but always kind and considerate, seeking a one-to-one relationship with an extremely good-looking, easy-going, feminine lady who perhaps would not normally answer such an advertisement and who wishes to be spoilt and enjoy a luxurious lifestyle. Recent photo and phone number appreciated. Box 2633.

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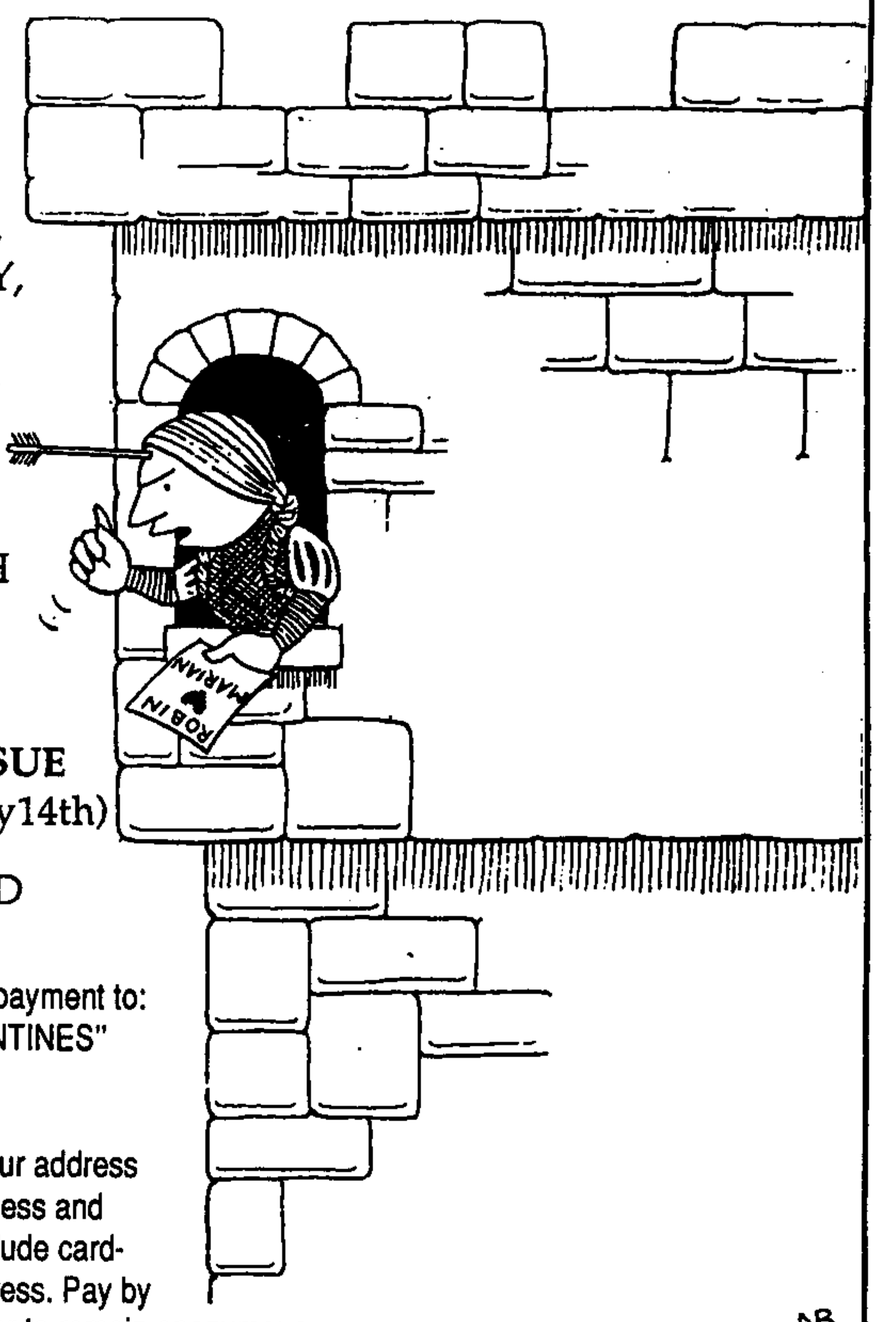

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NB

HANDSOME MAN 27 requires attractive female, for his education in the bedroom arts. Hampshire, South East. Box 2533.

HANDSOME, witty, charming, modest (kosher), successful, almost 30, male, looking for a sophisticated, attractive and horny companion. Box 20831.

NON-MATERIALISTIC under achiever, 40, seeks similar intelligent, articulate lady for friendship/relationship. Sheffield-ish. Box 2833.

MALE, 40, good-looking would like to meet romantic, passionate, attractive female for stimulating relationship. Southern Scotland/Northern England. Photo appreciated. Box 2933.

ATTRACTIVE, continental lady, varied interests seeks male 45+ for friendship. Box 3033.

THIRTYSOMETHING? Attractive, independent female seeks hunky male for emotional entanglement. Tyneside. Box 3133.

FACE 1990 ALONE? Tall, handsome, thoughtful, sensitive Oxford Arts postgraduate (24) seeks beautiful, pensive female for mutual emotional/intellectual fulfilment. Oxon/S.E. Box 3233.

WELL EDUCATED, petite, feminine lady 36. Slim, used to luxurious lifestyle. Home and landowner, doesn't fancy 1990 alone. Interests: sailing, horses, good food. Seeks genuine male 36-50 South/W. Photo appreciated. Box 3333.

HELP! Vivacious young lady to breath life, laughter, romance back into my life. I used to be good fun. Herts. Box 3433.

30 YEAR OLD, multi-talented, tall, strong and healthy, churchy, smart, clever female. Available but rather dear. Freehold? Box 3533.

SOLVENT MALE, 43, arts graduate, seeks sexy, educated, busty, stocking-wearing lady for evenings and weekends together. West Midlands. Box 3633.

HIGH FLYING female (24) seeks similar educated sporty male to share hangovers, ashtray emptying and relieve stress of unusual lifestyle. Photo appreciated. Box 3733.

ATTRACTIVE 36 yr, 5'11" athletic, male, loves the outdoors has been successful in business, uninhibited and free spirited, likes travel, music, good conversation, very good sense of humour, good with people, prefers the spiritually rich than the materially rich, very spontaneous and a romantic. By now you know you don't have your run of the mill man. Yes, and he is looking for an attractive lady who is young, approximately 21-33 yrs, vivacious, energetic, sporty (tennis maybe), free spirited, good conversation and a good sense of humour and reasonably spontaneous. If you think that you can match this challenge then go for it. Send your letter and photograph (include your postal address/tel number) to Box 2733 and I will reply to all the courageous applicants. Happy New Year!

YOUNG OXFORD DOCTOR, slowly sinking into medical mire, seeks independent, outdoor- loving lady, 25-35, to provide buoyancy and resuscitation when needed. Photo please. Box 3833.

SLIM, supportive male seeks warm lady non-smoker (30+) to share sport, outdoors, humour, possibly children Slough/Kingston. Box 3933.

WARM and very attractive lady, 44, separated, seeks that special man — companionship/marriage(?). Loves classical music, the arts, outings, countryside and the good things of life. Photo. Near Ascot. Box 4033.

EDUCATED man, fit, late middle aged, divorced, seeks occasional female weekend companion at his country cottage for intelligent talk and uncomplicated relationship. Reasonably well-behaved. Children no problem. Box 4133.

PETITE, GENTLE, pretty blonde, 24, seeks kind, humorous, brawny man 5'8 - 6 ft, 28-37 non-smoker, for happy marriage and babies. Professional. Good income. London to S. Coast. Photo and phone please. Box 4233.

YOUNG MAN seeks lady any age anywhere in the South. Box 4333.

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE seeks someone special — fun-loving, but sincere male aged 35+, Midlands. Box 6333.

QUIET, intelligent, attractive, professional male, 31, varied interests seeks similar female for friendship. Hampshire/South. Photo appreciated. Box 4433.

MALE, 40, seeks lady for occasional encounter. Birmingham. Box 4533.

BENIGN, BALD male (52), medium height (5'7"), medium income, interested in the arts, travel, food, conversation. Seeks female for caring, fun relationship. Box 4633.

GENTLEMAN needs use of flat for rendezvous/overnight stay in central(ish) London. Young lady to accompany for theatre etc, an added bonus. Box 4733.

INTELLIGENT MALE, early thirties, would like to correspond with, maybe meet, a socialist woman with a sense of humour. Merseyside, NW areas. Box 4833.

PROFESSIONAL MALE seeks discreet non-smoker female Eye-reader, 30ish, for downhill blue run racing and apré ski relaxation. Box 5033.

TALL, SLIM, professional gentleman, 46, tenuously married, seeks that special lady who'll help suspend disbelief in miracles. Glasgow-based; willing to ride a white steed to the ends of the earth (or even the Shuttle to London). Box 5133.

CROCODILE DUNDEE seeks someone to feed his gerbil. Box 5233.

SNAP UP QUICKLY! Last communist in Europe. Smokes like a Stalinist — though wants to give it up. Male (42), 5'7" (almost), slim (skinny), hair (copious, greying interestingly). Likes walking about the place, talking books, and arguing the toss. Lives London. Seeks woman of similar frame of mind. Box 5333.

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TRAVELLED, professional male, 39, E. Midlands country dweller, seeks attractive lady 25-38, any race, pace, or muse — not avaricious, neurotic bimbette. Will he find her? Box 4933.

FEMALE, 24, seeks relaxed male living rural mid/north Wales for permanent relationship. Interests — philosophy, literature. Box 5433.

ATTRACTIVE, professional female (23) seeks professor to augment basic knowledge of wintersports, watersports, climbing, flying, cars, bikes,... you name it, I want to learn it. Bristol area. Box 5533.

BUSINESSMAN — Manchester based. Early 30's. No ties whatsoever. Extrovert and strong personality. Enjoys playing sports, sophisticated nights out and South of France. Seeks stunningly attractive, warm-hearted, sincere lady (20's). Initially for laughter, eye-contact and self indulgence and later rock-solid relationship. Box 5633.

WEADY TO WOO? Me too! Male (22), London, just graduated and lonely. Any creative, intelligent, humorous women seeking cuddles and the same? Pici would be nice. Box 5733.

NORMAL-ISH, professional male, 32, tall, slim, married,... etc, seeks affectionate female for sordid clandestine affair, that's bound to end in tears — must have own supply of belladonna. London/S. Herts. ALA. Box 5833.

ATTRACTIVE, vivacious graduate, 40, seeks tallish, unattached, cultured man. Box 5933.

OXFORDSHIRE hugging man, graduate, loadsa interests, francophile, 44 feet/age, freelance writer/teacher-trainer, travelled, cuddly, seeks humorous hugging woman. Box 6033.

MARRIED MAN (43) in barren relationship wishes to meet lady in similar situation. Photo welcomed. Box 6133.

SINGLE, ENERGETIC male, 35, recently returned from working abroad, finding difficulty in meeting single, attractive female under 30 in this rural part of Wilts. Help! Box 6233.

NEWLY REFLECTIVE libertine (44) seeks calm lady for thoughtful relationship and home-making. Box 6433.

PAIR OF Berkshire drunks, mid 30's, seek adventurous replies from sexy ladies to assist our cure! Photos please. Box 6533.

I DON'T believe there's an attractive, honest, caring, fit, adventurous, unattached man 28-40 yrs seeking happiness relaxation and fun with an attractive, sensitive, sensual, affectionate woman 30 yrs, good sense of humour. Prove me wrong. Box 6633.

THE GRADUATE seeks Mrs Robinson for discrete liaisons. Photo. Reading. Box 6733.

WARM AND DISCREET lady friend required for nice, married guy (46) in NW region. Music lover a bonus. Box 6833.

INTERNATIONAL piss-artist (39) seeks lady of similar bent for sessions under the pyramids. CVs and photos from serious applicants only. Box 6933.

LIVELY, ATTRACTIVE and intelligent male (33) is looking for that special someone. You're intelligent, pretty 20-35 years old, with a good sense of humour. Distance no object for the right lady. Box 3331.

TALENTED LOVER, single, attractive, tall, male, 37, professional, good fun, seeks intelligent, attractive woman for wonderful affair. Genuine and discreet. London. Box 7233.

SINGLE MALE, 40, sometimes works nights, seeks non-smoking female companion for theatre matinees, cinema, cream teas and affection. London. Box 10333.

STUNNING, witty, (so I lie a lot?) fairish, tallish, thirtyish lady seeks educated Thames Valley man 30s to 40s. Box 7433.

SLIM, attractive female, 39, seeks intelligent male company. (NW). Box 7533.

RAUNCHY, dominant Scorpio, 49, wishes to meet adult sophisticated sensuous lady under 45 years of age. Box 7633.

EAST SCOTLAND: single male (42) seeks safe heterosexual relationship. Box 7133.

UNCOMPLICATED, slim, attractive, female, single, 37, seeks similar intelligent male wanting to make most of life. Distance no object. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box 7733.

WARM, unassuming young man, not bad looking, 21, bit quiet and shy. Loves countryside, searching for a similar female. South East. Box 7833.

ROUGH DIAMOND (29) seeks humorous adventuress. (Devon). Box 7933.

DO YOU BELIEVE in fate? Hetero guy 37, not convinced same details results in compatibility. You could be left/right, black or white, upper or lower as long as you've got class. Would love to speak with you if only you'd reply otherwise we'll never know. Box 8033.

HEALTHY, wealthy, witty and wise international businessman, based in London and aged 38, would like to meet a woman for an uncomplicated, uninhibited relationship involving champagne, fun and laughter. Photo and phone no appreciated. Discretion assured. ALA. Box 8133.

I'M 34 tall, male, basically modest but also excellent company, good-looking, very intelligent, occasionally introspective, amusing, caring, successful and looking for a woman who's something special. If you think you qualify, live in or near London and feel like making the effort to reply - well it could be worth it. Box 8233.

LADY (34) seeks kind, intelligent gent. Any offers? Box 8333.

ATTRACTIVE female graduate, 30s seeks similar male for companionship and children. Cambridgeshire. Box 8433.

YOUNG COLT (26), lively, friendly and gentle nature, seeks firm lady owner. In the right hands will be faithful and obedient. Fancy taking the reins? Humberside or anywhere. Box 8533.

MUCH SOUGHT AFTER guy (27) seeks adventure from older woman who's looking for fun, romance and passion. Previous applicants need not re-apply. Box 8633.

BUBBLING, attractive, independent divorcee (37), no children, Cambridge-based seeks unattached, intelligent, cynical and humorous man. Box 8733.

AFFLUENT, attractive male seeks lambent, languorous London lady. Box 8833.

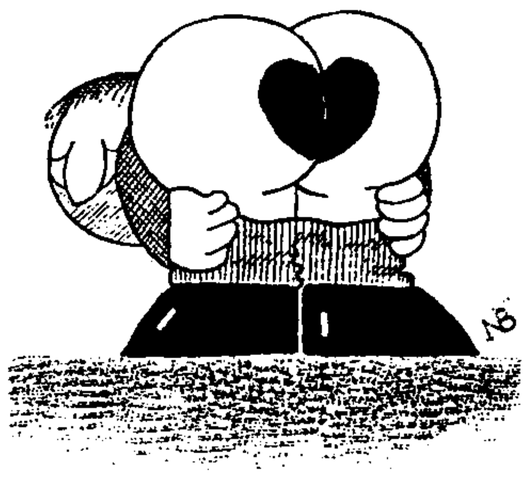
COUNTRYFIDE male (20) seeks attractive, professional female mid 20s, must have weird sense of humour, love the environment. London/East Sussex. Photo if poss. Box 8933.

MRS ROBINSON needed in the West Midlands. Box 9033.

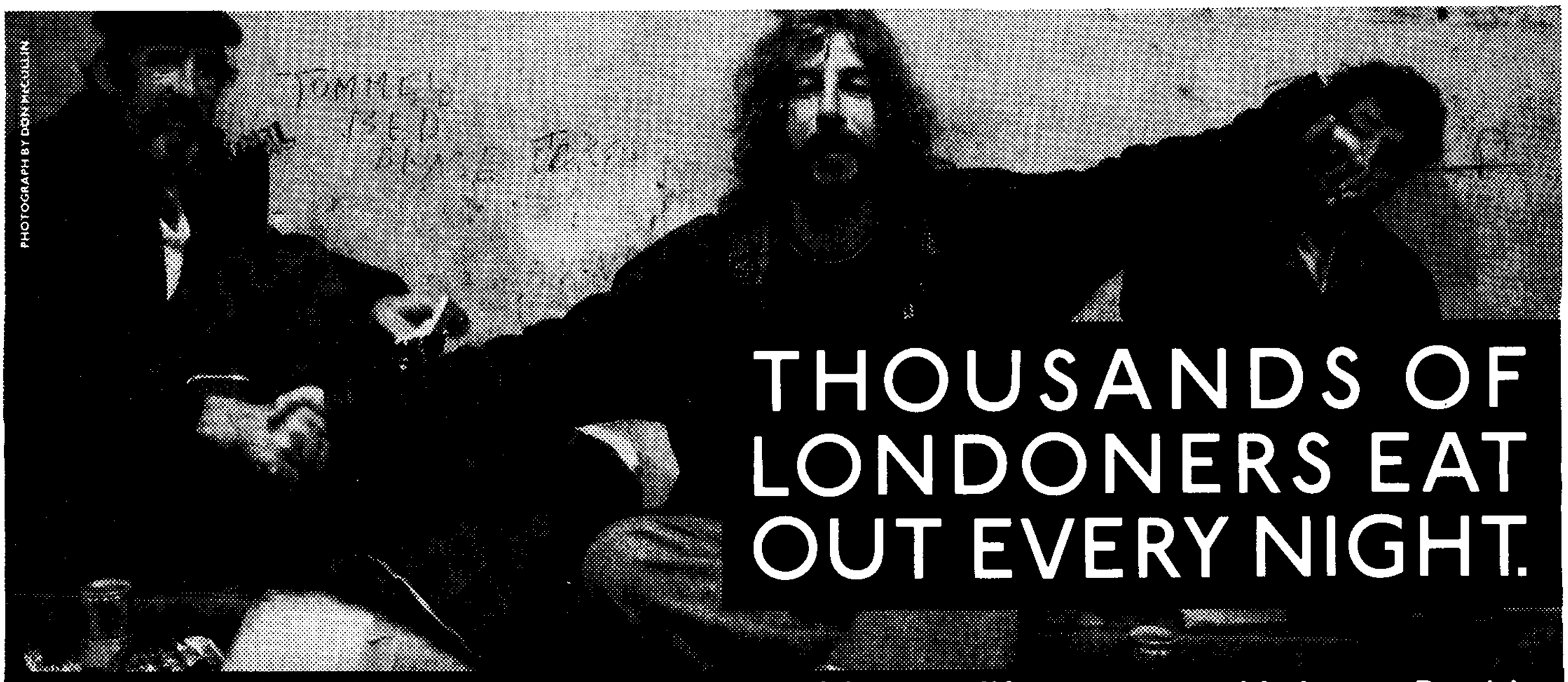
COSMOPOLITAN, cultured and non-conformist male (26, tall) seeks independent, intelligent, imaginative, intimate for mutual fun and emotional enlightenment. Photo appreciated. Reply guaranteed. Box 9133.

EX-TEACHER, 48, divorced, blonde, petite, energetic, now living very happily in Mediterranean Turkey seeks funny, intelligent, preferably younger man to share the good life. Meetings possible London/Oxford January/March. Box 9233.

HETEROSEXUAL MALES, 37 and 39 seek fun, female company for good Saturday night out. Any suggestions? SE preferred. Box 9333.



VALENTINE MESSAGES BY FEBRUARY 5TH
(see p. 33)



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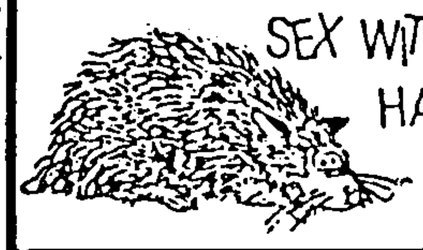

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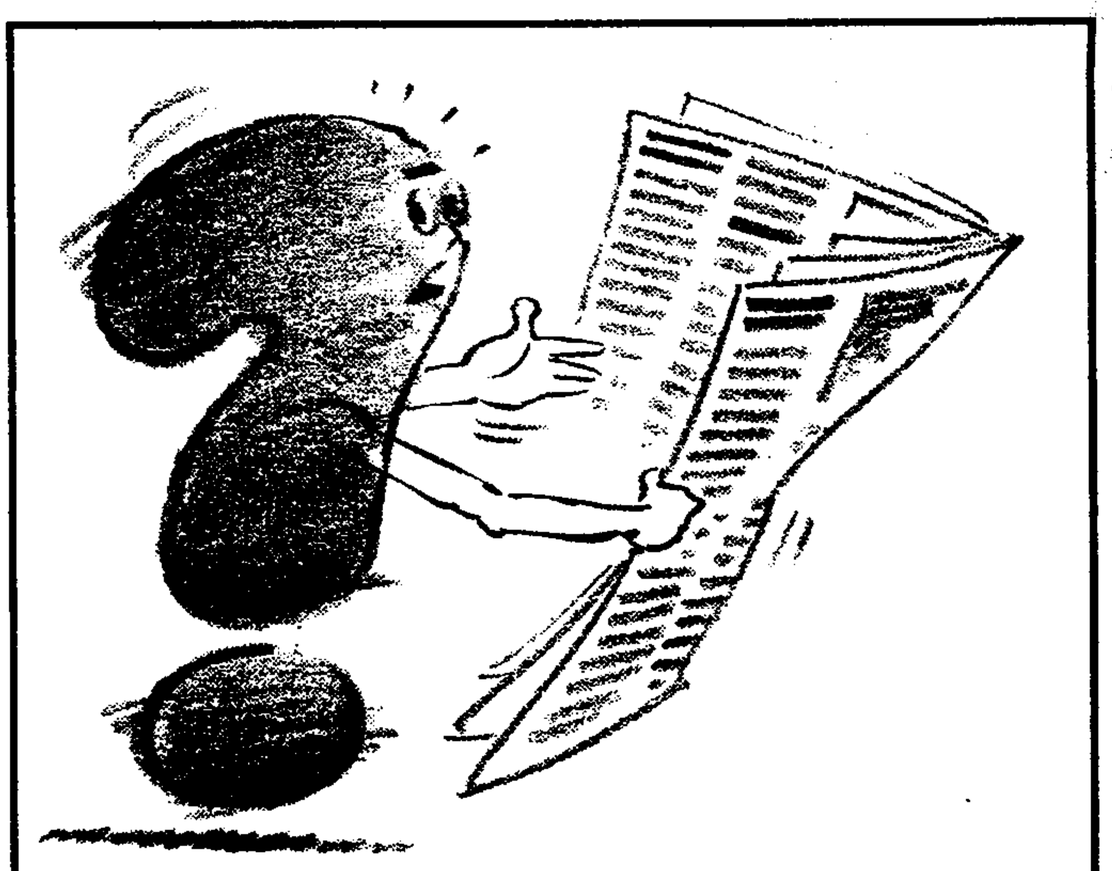

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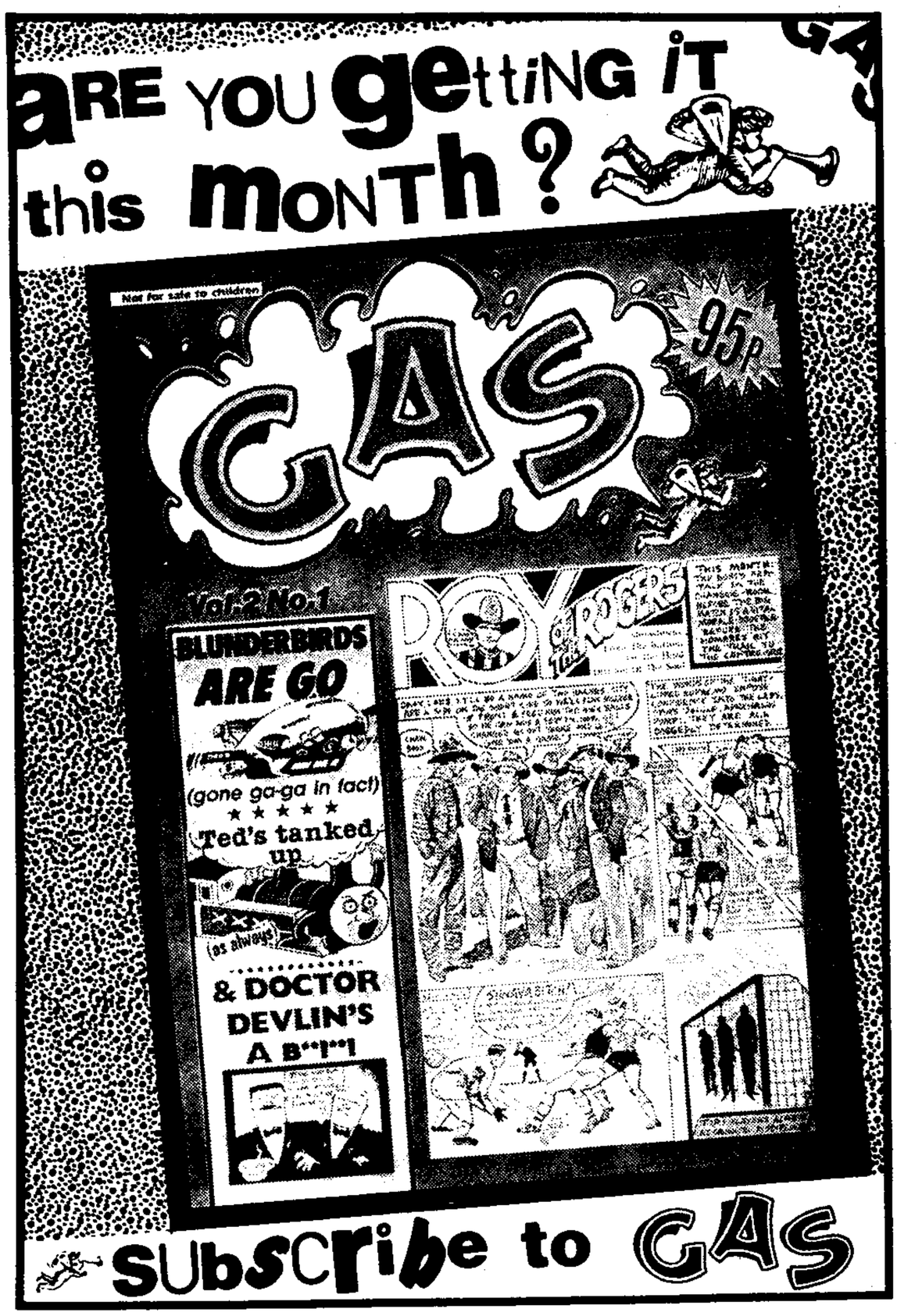

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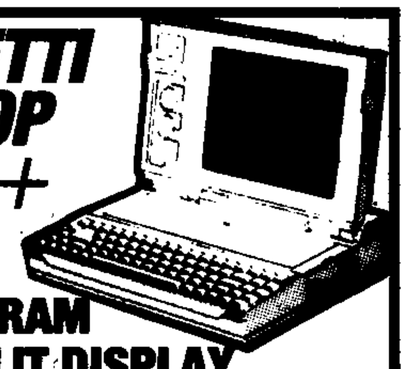

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